

the gale increased to a downright hurricane—the ship had sprung a leak, the water was gaining on the pumps, the sea ran fearfully high, and it was evident, unless the storm abated, that the “Asia must yield to the war of elements and go down.”

Pat, who had been relieved from the pumps, contrived to get below to see Judy, and was greeted with the usual reception. “Have n’t I been a faithful and a thrue wife to yez? and here I am smothered with the say-sickness, an’ the noise and the bother!” “An’ how can I help it, Judy?” remonstrated Pat. “Shure an I’ve done my best, and been a dootiful husband. I can’t controul the say or the ship as I would a horse upon the turf—long life to it—what would you have?” Judy, however, still continued her clamor, till Pat’s patience was at length worn completely out, and he vociferated in no gentle voice, “Och, thin, howld your peace, woman; is it myself as you’d be breaking the heart of afore I’m dead? Arrah, rest aisy with yer tongue!”

At this moment, a heavy sea struck the ship on the bows, ranged fore and aft, and rushed down every cavity, causing considerable confusion. Judy shrieked and cried out, “Oh! Pat, and why did yez bring me here?” Pat, who really thought the ship was sinking, turned round, and exclaimed with vehemence, “Arrah, howld yer bother, woman—you’ll be a widdaw to-night.”

This terrible announcement of her becoming a widow silenced poor Judy; and before Pat was summoned to renew his labor at the pumps, she had thrown her arms about his neck, and in loving accents implored him to avert so dreaded a calamity. The storm abated—fine weather returned—Judy grew more accustomed to the ship, but ever afterward went by the name of “Pat Murphy’s widow;” and it was nothing to hear both soldiers and sailors calling out, “Pat. Pat Murphv. your widow wants you.”

THE OLD SAILOR.

From Cruikshank’s Omnibus.

## A FLOATING RECOLLECTION.

IN the year 1806, when the Asia East-Indiaman was conveying a detachment of dragoons to Madras, the ship encountered very severe weather. Among the troops was a blithe “boy” named Pat Murphy, and he had also a pretty wife on board, who, instead of taking the roughs with the smooths, was continually upbraiding her husband. “Arrah, Pat, why did yez bring me here into this dark hole now? Oh! wirras-thrue and its smashed and kilt entirely I’ll be in regard o’ the say-sickness and the kicking of the ship.” “Och, coosla-machree,” returned Pat, trying to soften her, “rest aisy, darling. Shure an it was yer-self as wanted to come and wouldn’t stay behind. Small blame to you for that any how, seeing that Pat Murphy’s the man as owns you. But rest aisy awhile an it’s the bright sun and the smooth wather we’ll get, and go sailing away like a duck over a pond.” “Oh, thin, Pat, but its little feeling you’ve got for my misfortunate state,” uttered Judy, as she burst into tears. “Never shall I see the green hill-tops tinged with the goulden glory of the sun—never again shall I thravail free-footed through the bogs and over the moors. Oh! it’s a dessolute woman I am this very day—och hone—och hone!”

This sort of complaining was continually repeated, till the temper of the warm-hearted Irishman began to give way; but he struggled hard to bear up against her petulance and peevishness. One day, however,

From Cruikshank's Omnibus.

## A TALE OF AN INN.

"Uncommon high the wind be to-night, surely," remarked the occupier of the seat of honor on the left side of the fire place in the Jolly Drummer, on the night of a boisterous 31st of March—"uncommon:" and as he spoke he uncrossed his legs, and resting his left hand which held his long pipe upon his knee, stretched out his right to a little triangular table that stood before the fire, stirred a more than half-finished tumbler of warm rum-and-water which was standing on one of the corners, shook the drops off the spoon, and having placed it on the table, raised the tumbler to his mouth, and in another minute set it down again empty, save the thin slice of lemon which had been floating about in the liquor. Having done this, he threw himself back in his seat, tucked his feet under it, and there crossed them, rigged his right hand into his breeches' pocket, and resting his left elbow on the arm of the high-backed form or "settle" on which he was seated, puffed away in quiet enjoyment of his pipe.

Per-per-per. "It do blow above a bit, and that's all about it," returned a little man who was seated in an old Windsor chair opposite, as, having filled his pipe, he commenced lighting it with a piece of half-burnt paper that he had taken from the hob, and spoke between the strong puffs of smoke which curled upwards from his mouth during the operation. "I never-per-per-remember-per-sich a night-per-per-as this here-per-leastways for the time o' year-per-per-but once, per-and that was," said he, having now got his pipe well lighted, and letting himself gradually sink back in his chair, "and that was in the year--'37, when, as you remember, Master Tyler," looking at his friend opposite, "the mails was all snow'd up; but that was a trifle earlier in the year too, that was--let me see--oh ay, werry little tho'; why it was on the--yes, it was, on the 24th of this very month, and so it was."

"Ay, ay," replied Tyler, "I remember it, be sure I do; and, bless you, I thought ve vas all a-going to be fruz up in our beds, as sure as I'm a-sitting here. But now, what I vas a-thinking of, vas, that there night never comes round but what I thinks of what happened to me vun blowing 31st of March. It makes me shake almost, too, a-thinking on it," continued he, looking up at a large tadpole-looking clock, which, with its octangular face, assured all the company that it wanted but a quarter of an hour of midnight.

"What was that?" exclaimed all the circle; "give us that tale, Master Tyler, a-fere we parts."

"Vell, then," said Tyler, touching his empty glass, "let's prepare for it." Upon this hint, one of the party, the host of the Jolly Drummer himself, rapped the table with his broad fist and shouted "Hollo there," which process brought upon the scene "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," whom Master Tyler requested to fill his glass, and "do the same for that gem'man opposite." She accordingly retired with the empty glasses, and as she is now out of the room, which we know to be the case from the whirr-r-r bang! of the weighted door, we will take the opportunity before she comes back of describing the house and company.

The Jolly Drummer was a small public-house at the extreme end of a little scattered village; its situation on the verge of an extensive heath, and detached from the other cottages, would have given it a lonely appearance but for its back-ground of a few trees, and two or three old stunted oaks before the door, between two of which was the horse-trough, and from the branches of the third swang the old and weather-beaten sign, creaking to and fro in the wind; the hay scattered about the trough, or whirled in air by the wind, and the wicker crate which stood at the door by the side of the mounting steps, together with a pail and mop, gave indications of a pretty-well frequented house. If anything more was wanting to establish the fact, on this night, besides two or three light carts, a heavy stage-waggon might be seen rearing its giant bulk against the dark sky with its shafts erect, and the unlit stable-lantern still skewered in the front.

The interior presented a more lively and comfortable appearance, at least in the room with which we are principally concerned. Here, a fire of a few coals overlaid with large logs, crackled and spluttered in the grate round which the party were assembled, two of whom we have already introduced. Upon the same high-backed form or settle, on which Master Tyler sat, were seated three other men, two of whom belonged to the waggon without, and the third was a small short man, who said little, but seemed to imbibe all Master Tyler uttered with great reverence. On the opposite side of the fire, besides the little man in the Windsor chair, were two others, the one the blacksmith, and the other the cobbler of the village. Sitting opposite to the fire, and so as to complete the circle round it, sat the stout landlord himself, looking round at his guests and attending to their wants (as we have seen) with the consciousness of being "well-to-do" in the world. On the little triangular table stood a quart mug "imperial measure;" a brass candle-stick, bent through age, holding a thin tallow candle; a large pair of snuffers, lying by their side bottom upwards, was scored with the marks of a bit of chalk, half-crushed among the tobacco ashes, and a dirty pack of cards, gave the observer every proof that the two wagoners had but lately been engaged in the favorite game of all-fours."

The room in which this company had met was low and square, boasting as furniture a few Windsor chair., a square deal table edged

with iron, and supported by trussel-like legs, in addition to the before-mentioned little triangular one, another of which latter description was seen in a distant corner, a dresser standing against the wall opposite the fire, and a tall cupboard by its side; the window on the left side of the room was shaded by a checked curtain, which waved mournfully under the influence of the gusts of wind that managed to find their way through the closed lattice. A few such pictures as "the lovely florist," and the "happy fruiterer," with rounded limbs and flowing drapery, painted with bright colors on glass, decorated the walls, and the mantel-shelf was decked with the usual ornaments of peacocks' feathers, brass candlesticks, tin stands for pipe-lighters, flour and pepper-boxes, a coffee pot, and two lines painted on the wall recording, with the day and date, how "Thomas Swipes, Jacob Swilly, and James Piper, drank at one sitting in this room twelve quarts of ale."

Such was the room and its contents on the 31st March, 18-- , and a blowing night it was. The whirr-bang again of the door announces Mary to have returned with the replenished glasses, and as she is retiring she is arrested by the voice of Master Tyler, who calls out to her-- "Wait a bit, Mary; I knows you're fond of a tale; you may as vell sit down and listen, for I dare say you never heered a better, tho' I says it, and that's a fact--that's to say, if the company has no objections," added Tyler. They all seemed to agree with Master Tyler in admitting Mary into the circle, and accordingly made room for her next to her master, the host. All these preliminaries being arranged, Master Tyler having just tasted his new glass of grog, thus began--

"Let me see, it vas about the year 1817, ven I fust vent to be ostler at the Vite Swan, Stevenage, for I vos a ostler vonce, gem'men, that I vas; you remember the time, Juggles?" continued he, addressing the little man opposite (who answered with an "ay," and a nod of the head). "Old Dick Styles used to vork the old Highflitter thro' Stevenage at that time, and he vas as good a coachman as here and there vun; but howsomer, that ain't got nothink to do with my story. I vas a saying it was my fust night in the yard, and in course I had to pay my 'footin.' Vell, old Tom Martin vas the boots; he as come arterwards to place, you know, Juggles?" ("Ay," answered the little man again, as he looked meditatively at the fire;) and me and him," continued Tyler, "sat up in the tap a-drinking and smoking and that, and a precious jolly night of it ve had, I can tell you! There vas Peter Scraggs, and as good a chap he vos as ever stepped, and un or two more good jolly coves as you'd vish to see; vell, ve got a chaffin, and that like, ven Tom says to me, says he, 'Tyler,' ses he, 'you arn't been here long,' ses he, 'but maybe you've a heerd o' that old chap up yonder.'-- 'Vot old chap?' ses I. 'Vly him on his beam-ends,' ses he, a-lanthing, and all the t'others laughed too, for I heered arterwards that that vas his joke. 'Vell,' ses I, 'as I vas never here afore, t'aint werry likely as I have heerd of 'un; but who is he?' 'Vly,' ses he, 'he vas' an old grocer as lived in this hers town o' Stevenage,' ses he, 'years and years ago,' ses he; 'and left in his vill' when he died,' ses he, 'that he vouldn't be buried, not he, but he box'd up in his coffin and highsted up a-top o' the beams of his 'hovel,' as he called it; but a barn it is, that's sartin,' ses he. 'Nonsense,' ses I; 'you ain't a-going to come over me in that there style with your gammon,' ses I. 'Gammon or no,' ses Tom, 'if you've a mind you may see him yourself,' ses he; 'leastways you may see his oak coffin,' says he. 'Secin's believin',' ses I, 'all over the world,' sez I, 'so here goes;' and up I gets, and Tom, he gets up too, and vun or two others, and ve goes out; and Tom, he catches holdt of a stable lantern, and pick up vun o' them poles with a fork at the end--them things vot the vashervomen hangs their lines upon ven they dries the clothes--and ve walks into a stable-like place as had been a barn, and Tom he hooks the lantern on to the pole, and holds it up, and there sure enough vos the coffin, a stuck up in the roof a top o' two beams."

"It's as true as I'm a-sitting here," continued Tyler, as he observed symptoms of incredulity in some of his auditors; "it's as true as I'm a sitting here; and vot's more, you may see it there yourselves in that werry place to this werry day if you like to go as far. Vell, as I vos a saying, I looks up, and ses I, 'I'm blessed if it ain't a coffin,' ses I.--- 'Ay,' says Tom and the others, 'now you'll believe it, won't you?' 'Sartinly I vill,' ses I, 'now I sees it; but I'm blow'd if I didn't think you had been a-going on with some game or another,' ses I."

"Vell, ve come buck agen to the tap, and ve sat there a-talking over that there old man and his rum fancy of being cocked up there, and vot not, till ve'd had enough, and thought it time to be off; it was then about half-past eleven. So Tom says, ses he, 'I'll show you where you are to hang out, Tyler,' ses he; so he takes me out in the yard and shows me my nest over the stable, and I'm blessed if it warn't the werry next to the vun with the old man. 'Pretty close company,' ses I to myself, 'anyhow;' but howsomer I never said nothing, not I, in crse he should think that I was afeared arter vot he'd a ben saying and that; so np I goes with the lantern, up the ladder, but I couldn't for the life of me help a-thinking of old Harry Taigg, (that vos the old feller's name, him in the coffin.) Vell, however, I turns in at last, and I hadn't been in bed more nor ten minutes at most, ven I heered a kind of a--"

"Mercy! what's that!" exclaimed Mary, as the sign-board outside seemed to take part in the tale, and groan uneasily in the wind. "Don't be foolish, Mary," said my host, scarcely less frightened; "what should it

\* This will was proved in the archdeaconry of Huntingdon, Sept. 18, 1724.

be but the old sign? Don't interrupt Master Tyler again, there's a good lass."

"Vell, I heerd a kind of a creak," resumed the speaker, with a scarcely perceptible smile, "and I listened, and presently I thought I heerd a groan. Vell, I didn't much like it, I can tell you; however, I thought as it vos all imaginary like, and vos jist a turning round in my bed to get a more comfortabler position—"

"Snuff the candle," suggested Juggles to the blacksmith in a low tone, who did it mechanically, scarcely taking his eyes off the speaker the while.

"When I heerd a voice," (here there was a breathless silence among the auditors,) "I heerd a voice, I gets a bit more plucky like; 'for,' thinks I, 'arter all it may be some vun in difficulties.' So I ses, ses I, 'Vot's the row, sir?' 'Tyler,' ses the voice, a'calling me by name, 'Tyler,' ses he, 'I vish I hadn't done it.' 'Done vot?' ses I; for since he called me by my name I vos a little quieter. 'Vy,' ses the voice, 'a' got myself cocked up here,' ses he. Ses I, 'Vhy don't you get down then?' ses I. 'Cause I can't,' ses he. 'Vhy not?' ses I. 'Cause I'm screwed down in my coffin,' ses he." Here a scream, half-suppressed, broke from Mary. "'My eye!' ses I to myself, and I shook all over—'it's the old man hisself,' and I pops my head under the bed-clothes precious quick, I can tell you; for I vos in a bit of a stew, as you may guess. Vell, presently I heerd the old man a calling out again; but I never answered a vord, not I. Vell, arter that I hears a kind of a rustling and scratching on the t'other side o' the planks close to vhere I vos a-laying. 'That's him,' thinks I; 'but he can't come here, that's clear.' 'Can't I tho'!' says the werry same voice close to my feet, this time. Oh crickey, how I did shake sure-ly at that there. 'Tyler!' ses he, calling out loud. 'Tyler,' ses he, 'look up;' but bless you, I never spoke nor moved. 'Tyler,' ses he agen, a-hollering for all the vorld as loud as thunder, 'John Tyler look up! or it'll be the vurse for you. So at that I puts the werry top o' my eyes over the bed-clothes, and there I saw——"

"What?" exclaimed the blacksmith and cobbler, under their breath at the same instant.

The narrator looked around; Juggles was leaning forward in his chair, his open hand scarce holding his pipe, which, in the eagerness of his curiosity he had let out; the blacksmith and cobbler were, with eyes and mouth wide open, intently watching the speaker's face; mine host, with both fists on the table, was not a whit less anxious; Mary was leaning on the shoulder of one of the waggoners, with outstretched neck towards Tyler, drinking in every word he uttered; and the two waggoners, perfectly wrapped up in the tale, stared vacantly at the opposite wall.

"What?" repeated the anxious hearers.

Master Tyler took his pipe from his month, and puffing out a long wreath of smoke, at the same time pointing with his pipe to the clock, which was just on the quarter past twelve, said—"NOTHING! AND YOU'RE ALL APRIL FOOLS!"

## GERMAN STUDENTS.

### APARTMENTS AT HEIDELBERG.

"The student knows how to live here. He has fitted up his room very commodiously. The sleeping-room certainly is somewhat small; often rather an alcove, in which, besides his bed, his wardrobe, dressing-table, and a large trunk, there is little to be seen. But one might almost pronounce his sitting-room comfortable, were it not distinguished by rather too much of a lyrical disorder. Books, pipes, rapiers, clothes, coffee, and writing apparatus, are somewhat too little assorted; and the stove, standing in the room itself—but Germans in this respect know no better. Yet one must admit that those little machines, which look like an adaphory, between a Roman urn and a German beer-jug, and which one might take by the end of the long pipe and carry with one along the streets, are very well adapted to the needs of the student, who commonly only wiles away an hour at home, and then hastens again to the college, since they quickly warm the room, and as quickly let it cool again. They are readily made hot, so that you may easily when at full heat light your pipe at them.

"There are not wanting tables, chairs, a commode, a writing-table and book-shelves, and a sofa that is pretty well used. Our host, at first sight, looked, to my fancy, somewhat Turkish, as at our morning visit he sat enjoying his pipe and coffee, in a coloured plaid morning-gown and showy slippers. But the legs—no, they were not crossed in Turkish fashion, but stretched out at will from the sofa in true English style, and seemed to feel themselves very much at home in the room. He had a handkerchief thrown loosely round his neck, and the small round and embroidered cap sat not inelegantly on his head. These caps, as I learned in course of conversation, are termed *cercris*, or beer-caps. What especially struck me in the apartment, were the various decorations which adorned the walls in gay rows, and the signification of which our host politely explained to me. Upon one wall was displayed a long line of profiles, all under glass, and in small gilt frames. A coloured Chore-band falling from above, wound about them, and comprehended them, as it were, in one great family. 'These,' said he, 'are in memory of the friends who have contributed to embellish my six semesters at the university:' and I learned that it was the practice, especially of those who belonged to the same Chore, mutually to honour each other with those little likenesses.

"'We have here,' said he, 'in Heidelberg, the Herr Münich, who executes these things in first-rate style, and derives almost a livelihood alone from this branch of business. It is the same in other places. I have already passed some time in Jena, Berlin, and Bonn, and have enjoyed the friendship of many a brave Bursch. There, you see the views of many a city through which I have travelled. They will to the latest hour yield me delightful recollections.' These, with the well executed portraits of many professors, filled a second wall. Amongst them proudly displayed themselves several printed duplicates of the doctoral diplomas of his friends.

"'And whose likeness is this which hangs in the midst?' I asked. 'That,' he replied, 'is the portrait of our famous Pawkdoctor, which cannot be wanting in any kneip.'

"On the third wall I beheld pipes of all forms and sizes, from the meerschbaum to the clay pipe; and my polite host promised me at the next opportunity, to give me a lecture, as he expressed it, on these articles of furniture. My eye was now caught by the garniture which I beheld about the looking-glass. It was hung round with ribbons of various colours, and above it appeared the remains of garlands. As I noticed them, my host said—'See, those are flowers out of the mourning garlands

which deck many a departed friend who sleeps in the cool earth; which we carefully preserve.'

"'And the ribbons with the many inscriptions and the dates?' I asked. 'Those,' said he, 'are my Chore-brothers; and the date indicates the foundation-day of our *Verbindung*.'

"On the fourth wall were to be seen a Schläger with the Chore-colours; a chore-cap and a guitar, with several coloured rosettes. There stood also a little table, and upon it apparatus for drinking and smoking; a large Deckelglass with a lid, having upon it an engraved inscription, 'Trau-mandorf to his Friesleben, 18th of July, 1838,' an elegant little casket with tobacco, a spill-vase, a study-lamp, a vessel denominated the Pope, to receive the ashes of the tobacco on emptying the pipe, and an incombustible spill, or Fidebus, a new discovery, and certainly one of the most useful of the nineteenth century. This consists of a small strong coloured glass tube, which is partly filled with spirits of wine, and closed with a cork; through which a wire is thrust, and to the bottom end of which wire is secured a small knob of wood wrapped in cotton wool. This wire has a ring at the top, by which it is pulled out, and the knob ignited at the lamp when it is wished to light a pipe—a convenient piece of machinery, and also forming an ornament to the table."

This is certainly the only article that an Oxonian would cover in the German student's chambers. *Fox* is a favourite term among the students. Among the other species of *Fox* is the *Boot-fox*, who is equivalent to the servant, or the laundress of the English student, who has no occasional male-servant; or to the temporary valet of the young men of Paris. His functions are thus described to the English stranger:—

"'I am very curious,' said I, 'to know who the man was that walked in without knocking, and whom you styled *Boot-fox*. He looked like a servant that, instead of livery, a man has stuck into a student's coat; and what a cap he had on! And besides that, he had such a curious voice that one could have thought it belonged to some other person, or that somebody else was in the room when he spoke.'

"'Ha! ha! I will explain that to you. This odd fellow belongs to a class of ministering spirits who live entirely by the students. We dub them *Boot-foxes*, because they clean our boots and clothes. They are bound to run also on our commissions, and must figure in processions and public pageants. As the poor devil must turn out very early in the mornings, his voice snaps and cracks huskily from the effects of the raw air, like that of a youth in the transition-state from a hobbledeboy to a man, till by degrees it balances itself in one key. For the rest he is a respectable father of a family, and his wife is generally a washerwoman for the students.'

"'All that is easy enough to understand,' I replied. 'Why do you call him a *boot-fox*?'"

"'And may I ask,' I added, 'what you pay this precious Bursch for his important services? I ask, since I think of staying here this winter, and would therefore willingly enlighten myself on all matters of housekeeping.'

"'He receives a gulden (twenty-pence English) monthly.'

"'A servant for a pound a-year! Was the like ever heard!'

"'You must recollect,' said Friesleben, 'that we are for the rest of the day attended by the *house-besom*,' the student phrase for housemaid, who also in Berlin is styled *schlavin*, or she-slave."

German students, like indeed, all other corporations, associations, or *castes* of men, as the gypsies, colliers, sailors, have a slang of their own; and a fondness for nicknames. Besides *Foxes* of all kinds, they have, as our readers must know, *Philistines*,—and, indeed, all who are not students are distinguished by this term. Here is the *House-Philistine*, as described to the stranger:—

"Our House-Philistine must provide for all our domestic necessities, bringing in the account monthly, which however, we are not obliged so very exactly to pay. They furnish us with wood, lights, &c. Breakfast we commonly brew for ourselves, in its proper machine. For the lodging, consisting of two rooms, we pay perhaps from thirty to forty gulden, and the house-besom (the maid-servant) receives besides, each semester, two kronen thaler—nine shillings, English."

"Upon my word, you live right reasonably in Heidelberg."

"Not quite so much as you imagine. If you take into account the expense of the college lectures, you cannot well, at least pleasantly, live under 800 or a 1000 gulden. There are universities where you live much cheaper, but few where you can live so agreeably as here. You know how Lichtenberg has divided the sciences. So I might here divide the universities into such as where a man may live cheaply and well, to which class Munich and Vienna particularly belong; where he may live cheap and badly, as in many of the smaller universities, particularly Halle, which affords only nutriment for the hungerers after knowledge; where he may live well and somewhat expensively, as at Heidelberg; and finally; where he may live dearly and ill, of which the great Berlin is an example. I speak here only of the maternal life, apart from which, every university has its peculiarities in many respects; in short, has its own *ton*. When you have learnt thoroughly to understand Heidelberg, and then after visit other German universities, what a variety will you not find."

The students sometimes combine to punish tradesmen, eating-house keepers, and beer-dealers, as in other places. At this interview, the Widow *Mutch*, recently put under *bann*, was announced for the purpose of imploring forgiveness. It was told—

"She creeps humbly to the cross, and prays earnestly that we will again take our meals there."

"Well, if she behaves herself, we will see what the S. C. can do."

"That," said I, "if I remember right, is the woman whom you said had been put into *verruff*, or under the *bann*."

"The same."

"And are all the students, then, accustomed to take their dinners there?"

"O, no. Part of them at the Gasthouses (inns); part here and there, with private people, who keep a table for us, and even send us, if required, our meals up into our chambers. About thirty of us took our dinners at this aforesaid widow's and paid each twenty kreutzers the day (not quite seven-pence.) But towards the conclusion of the last semester, it was no longer to be endured! simply and eternally cow-beef—and at last it grew still worse. Thereupon it was absolutely necessary to give Madame, the Philistine, a lecture."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but I must first beg for a solution of the term Philistine, which you so often use."

"We comprehend all who are not students under the name of Philistines. In a more restricted sense, we understand by Philistines, inhabitants of the city, and distinguish them from the Handwerks-Burschen, by giving to the latter the title of *Knoten*; and the shopkeepers' young men that of *Schwünge*, or *Ladenschwänge*, that is, *Pendulums*, or *Shop-pendulums*."

Every genuine Bursch, the member of a *chore*, has generally a favourite dog; his constant friend and companion: the dog is often, it is said,—

"The best of chamber attendants, bringing in the morning his master's slippers and pipe. If he returns home at night rather inspired by Bacchus, he accompanies him as a safe conductor, often bearing things which he has unwittingly dropt, after him."

"A dog at one of the universities was well known as an excellent guide. He led his master

home every evening; if he turned into a wrong street, he seized him by the coat, and pulled him back; if he fell down, he barked loudly till he rose again; and when they arrived at the house, the sagacious animal knew very well how to ring the bell."

"They are also made use of in many a prank or piece of waggery. Thus it is said, that once in Leipsic, the students accustomed their dogs to the most frequent christian names of the ladies of that city, and so soon as they came readily at that unusual call, the ungallant sons of the muses allowed themselves the unpardonable joke of shouting aloud those names in the public walks, so that it is said, the fair sex in surprise quitted the field."

"We still see these creatures made co-workers in many a frolic. At the dinner table, in the public walk, in the fencing school, and in the evening at the *Kneip*, everywhere must the dog attend his master. He must eat with him in the same house; the master, indeed, in the chamber, the dog in the kitchen; for which repast, however, is allowed on the dog's behalf two kreutzers a-day. Neither are combats wanting between them, whereby they may the more resemble their masters, and to which the masters, in fact, conduct them. In these dog-duels it goes oftener much worse than in those of their lords, for they seize each other so furiously that it is often difficult to separate them."

No make-believe in the dog-fights; which is so much the better, where there is fighting at all, as the best way to put an end to it. Even dogs who have enjoyed a fair set-to learn forbearance. Yet the connection between the dog and the student-master is but temporary, which diminishes the charm. The dog is generally left a legacy to a friend, and sometimes has no master but the whole *chore*; no home, save the *kneips*. The *Pipe* obtains full and honourable mention. The rural and summer amusements of the students of Heidelberg,—their holiday processions, and excursions far and near, are described; and also their winter festivities. In the works of recent travellers, we have frequent passing glimpses of them, in the Hartz Mountains, amid the Black Forest, or in Switzerland; dirty, jovial, roistering fellows, drinking beer and singing night and day; and sometimes begging. They do not ride to cover quite so systematically as the Oxford men, yet the solitary student sometimes roves abroad with his gun; and they all rarely enjoy the neighbouring wakes and fairs. Church-wakes seem still as common in Germany, as they were in England three hundred years since; but the *Kirchweih*s of Germany merit attention, independently of the students, as a trait of ancient manners:—

"The reader must not alarm himself with the fear that we are going to bore him with an essay on church solemnities—we allude only to those popular festivities with which the anniversary of the dedication of a church is celebrated. As is often the case, this feast has lost its original intention; scarcely any one thinks of the meaning of the word, which in the mouth of the ordinary people is corrupted to *Kerve*. Every little nest, much too poor for the possession of a church, yes, many an individual public-house, even, has its particular *Kirchweih*. By what authority it has usurped this name and holiday, nobody troubles himself to inquire. People are quite contented that, through these *Kirchweihen*, of which one or more fall out within their reach every Sunday during the summer, they find occasion to dance, drink, and sing. From every city gate then presses forth a motley group; the worthy burger, the Handwerksbursch, the alert young dress-maker, the homely housemaid, all are crowding forward in a promiscuous throng. Amongst them one descries companies of a higher grade, which rejoice themselves on a splendid summer's day."

In the midst of this tumult the students are also to be seen following

the current of the great stream in smaller or greater companies. If in modern times the singular attire less distinguishes him from the crowd, yet the practised eye readily singles out the student from the Handwerksbursch and the shop-assistant. On the countenance of the Handwerker we see displayed the joy which he feels to find himself once more for a day able to flee from the dusty workshop and the pride of showing himself in his Sunday bravery, in the astonished eyes, as he believes, of the world. This holiday array he has truly often thrown upon his back in a queer enough style. In black frock-coat, white trousers high cravat, and glittering boots, stalks he clumsily along, and his rude taste extends itself to the very pipe which he carries in his hand. On the contrary, the Pendulum (the shopman) has clad himself after the newest French fashion. All is smoothed and polished off to a nicety. He looks like a dish that the hungry Nero has licked into the most elegant cleanness. Scarcely dare he turn himself in his beautiful clothes lest he should crumple the ornate and artistical knot of his neck-cloth; lest he should derange the nice tornure of his locks. He wheels himself aside only to see whether the admiring gaze of the fair sex is not following him. '*Nothing*,' would the student say—that is, 'it would be well for him if he did!'

"The student disdains, *Knoten*-like, to beautify himself on a Sunday. One day is like another to him; he can devote it either to study or to pleasure. So, as on other days, he lounges carelessly along. His attire is not studied, but it is convenient; and according to individual taste, more or less excellently chosen. A short frock-coat, often of a peculiar cut, and the little cap, are all that distinguish him."

## Select Tales.

From Graham's Magazine.

### COUSIN AGATHA.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"O what a goodly outside falsehood hath."--Shakspeare.

"I HAVE been thinking, Henry, that I should like to invite cousin Agatha to spend the winter with us: what do you say to my plan?"

"Really, Alice, I can say nothing about it, since I know nothing of the lady."

"Oh, I had forgotten that you had never seen her: she is only distantly related to us, but being left an orphan at an early age, she became an inmate of our family and continued to reside with us until she married. Agatha is several years my senior, and entered society while I was yet in the school-room; she married rather in opposition to the wishes of my parents, as they approved neither of the profession nor the character of her husband, who was an officer in the army, and known to be a man of dissolute habits. Poor thing! she has fully paid the penalty of her folly during seven years of poverty and discomfort. Her husband has been sent from one frontier station to another, until the health of both was destroyed, and at the time of his death they were both at Sackett's Harbor."

"Then she is a widow?"

"Yes, her vile husband died about a year since, and cousin Agatha is released from bondage, but reduced to actual penury. I received a letter from her yesterday, the first she has written since my marriage, and she alludes most touchingly to her desolate condition as contrasted with my happiness."

"And that letter, I suppose, induced you to think of inviting her to spend the winter with us?"

"It did, Harry; for I felt if it was almost selfish in me to be so happy when my early friend was pining in loneliness and poverty."

"I love the kindness of feeling which prompts you to such acts, dear Alice, but, to confess the truth, I would rather relieve your cousin's distresses in any other way."

"But there is no other way of doing so, Henry—she would not accept pecuniary aid from us: why do you object to her visit?"

"Because we are so happy that I dread any interruption to the calm current of our life."

"Thank you, dear Harry, I cannot find it in my heart to scold you for your selfishness," said the young wife, as she laid her hand on her husband's arm; "but really," she continued, "Cousin Agatha would be the last person in the world to disturb our tranquillity. She is full of gentleness and sentiment; a creature of warm and affectionate impulses, and she would delight in adding to our enjoyments. You know my health will confine me to the house this winter, and you

may find the long evenings hang heavy upon your hands."

"Not in your society, Alice."

"I am glad you think so, Harry; but when I am languid and dispirited from indisposition, you would find cousin Agatha a charming companion; besides, she would relieve me from some of the cares of house-keeping."

"Well, my dear, you offer so many good reasons in favor of her coming, that I can find no argument against it, but I have a sort of a presentiment that she will not be agreeable."

"Oh, Harry, how can you think so? if you could see her you would change your opinions very soon, for her picturesque appearance would charm your artistic taste."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"No but she is just the person to please a painter, for there is so beautiful a combination of light and shade in her face. She has those grey eyes which, when fringed with long, dark lashes, are so full of varied expression, and her hair, black as the raven's wing, falls in heavy natural ringlets that put to shame the skill of a *coiffeur*."

"May she not be altered since you saw her, Alice?"

"True, I had forgotten that more than five years have passed since we last met; but, even if her person has changed, her heart, I am sure, has not, and when you know her you will thank me for my pertinacity in thus wringing your reluctant consent to her visit."

"If you think it will add to your enjoyments, Alice, invite her by all means."

Alice Wentworth had been a wife scarcely two years, and her married life had been a scene of uninterrupted happiness. Nothing would have induced her to risk the disturbance of her tranquillity, but remembering the companion of her early years as one who had been the confidant of all her childish joys and sorrows, she looked upon her presence as the completion of her plans of enjoyment. Her husband's scruples she naturally attributed to unfounded prejudice which an acquaintance with her cousin could not fail to overcome, and, therefore, following the dictates of kindly feeling, she determined to cheer the bereaved widow by an affectionate letter of invitation.

Some three weeks after she had despatched her missive, at an early hour, on a cold autumnal morning, a carriage drove up to the door, and a loud ring announced the expected guest. Alice had not yet finished her morning toilet, and Mr. Wentworth hastened down to receive the lady; but scarcely had he got through the awkwardness of a self-introduction when his wife entered, full of impatience to embrace her early friend. During the mutual raptures of their meeting, he had leisure to scrutinize the new inmate of his family, and certainly his impressions were any thing but favorable. Cousin Agatha had taken a violent cold, her countenance was disfigured by a swollen cheek, and her eyes were bleared and inflamed by a severe attack of influenza, while the effect of steamboat slumber and a steamboat toilet did not tend to the improvement of her appearance. Indeed Harry Wentworth could scarcely refrain from laughter when he contrasted his wife's enthusiastic description with the reality before

him. But Alice, with ready hospitality, conducted her cousin to her apartment, and to that room the wearied traveler, overcome with illness and fatigue, was confined during the several succeeding days.

"When will your friend be presentable, Alice?" asked Mr. Wentworth one evening as he threw himself upon a sofa, after tea, "since she has been here you have not sat with me a half an hour for your whole time seems devoted to nursing."

"I hope she will be well enough to meet you at dinner to-morrow, Harry; the swelling has left her face and she begins to look like herself. What amuses you so much?" she asked, as her husband burst into a loud laugh.

"I was thinking of the force of contrast, Alice; you are an excellent painter, dear, but you draw your tints too exclusively from fancy; who could have recognized your *picturesque beauty* with soft *grey eyes* and *raven curls* in the dowdyish looking woman with red nose and redder eyes whom I welcomed as cousin Agatha?"

"For shame, Harry, you ought not to judge of her by her appearance at that time."

"Perhaps not; but first impressions are the most durable, and I shall never see any beauty in your cousin, for even if she should hereafter appear to advantage when dressed for display, I shall never forget how she looked in her traveling dishabille; one thing you may be sure of, Alley, you will never have cause to be jealous of your *picturesque* cousin."

"I don't mean to be jealous of any one, Harry, but I shall be much mistaken if you do not learn to admire cousin Agatha."

"Then you may prepare yourself for a disappointment, Alice; I do not think I should feel perfectly satisfied with any one who had thus broken in upon our tranquil happiness, and even if I were disposed to like your cousin elsewhere she would not please me in our quiet home. Besides, I was disappointed in my idea of her personal beauty, and her manners appeared to me abrupt and inelegant."

"Harry, you never were more mistaken in your life."

"Well, well—it will be difficult to convince me of my error." A slight rustle at the door was heard as Mr. Wentworth finished his ungallant speech, and the next moment cousin Agatha entered.

"I thought I would endeavor to make my way to the drawing-room instead of depriving you any longer of the society of your husband, dear Alice," said she as she languidly sank into the softly-cushioned chair which Mr. Wentworth drew forward for her accommodation. Of course the usual congratulations followed, and as the invalid dropped the heavy shawl from her shoulders, Alice glanced towards her husband in the hope that he would not fail to observe the symmetry of her petite figure. He was too great an admirer of beauty to fail in such notice, yet still he could see little to claim admiration in her face. Her complexion was not clear; her mouth, though well formed and adorned with superb teeth, was large, and her eyes were dim from recent illness, while her curls were hidden beneath one of those fairy fabrics of gossamer and ribbon which often display the taste of the wearer at the

expense of a crowning beauty. But, ere the evening had expired, Mr. Wentworth was forced to acknowledge that he had formed too hasty an opinion of her manners, for, whatever *brusquerie* he might have observed on the morning of her arrival, he was certainly struck now by the easy elegance and graceful dignity of her deportment.

From this time cousin Agatha laid aside the character of an invalid, and, quietly taking her place at the table and fireside, seemed to have no other wish than to make herself useful. Devoted in her attentions to Alice, she took little notice of Mr. Wentworth except to receive his courteous civility with profound gratitude. He was nothing more to her than the husband of her friend, and while she exhibited the deepest interest in the development of Alice's mind and feelings, she seemed scarcely to observe the fine taste, the elegant scholarship, and the nobleness of sentiment which characterized Mr. Wentworth. Alice suffered no small degree of mortification from this evident coldness between those whom she was so anxious to behold friends. She could not bear to find Agatha so totally blind to the perfections of her beloved Henry, and she was almost as much annoyed at her husband's indifference to the graces of her cousin.

"You are pained because I do not sufficiently admire your husband, Alice," said Agatha, one day, when they were alone, "but surely you would not have me estimate him as highly as you do?"

"I would not have you love him quite as well, but I would have you appreciate his exalted qualities."

"My dear coz," said Agatha, with a slightly-sarcastic smile, "do not, I pray you, make it one of the conditions of our friendship that I should see through your eyes. Mr. Wentworth is a fine scholar, a tolerable amateur painter, and a most ardent lover of his pretty wife; is that not sufficient praise?"

Alice felt uncomfortable, though she could scarcely tell why, at this and similar remarks from cousin Agatha. She had been accustomed to consider her husband a being of superior worth and endowments, but there was something in her cousin's manner of uttering commendation of him, which seemed to imply contempt even while it expressed praise. In the innocence of her heart, Alice several times repeated cousin Agatha's sayings to her husband, and they were not without their effect upon him. The self-love which exists, more or less, in every heart, was by no means a negative quality in the character of Mr. Wentworth. He knew his wife overrated his talents, but he loved her the better for her affectionate flattery, and cousin Agatha's apparent ignorance of his character mortified and vexed him. He began to think that his prejudices had prevented him from showing himself in a proper light; and his wounded vanity led him to redouble his attentions to his guest. Heretofore he had never thought of her except when in her company; but now, the certainty that she was as yet blind to his merits, made her an object of interest. He was not a very vain man, but his wife's idolatry had gratified even while he was fully aware of its extravagance, and he was proportionably annoyed by the perfect coldness with

which cousin Agatha regarded him. She seemed to think him a very good sort of a man, but not at all superior to the common herd, and he was determined to convince her of her mistake. Agatha had succeeded in her first design:—she had aroused him from the torpor of indifference.

Cousin Agatha was a most invaluable assistant to a young housekeeper, for she had a quick hand, a ready invention, and exquisite taste, so that whether a pudding was to be concocted, a dress trimmed, or a party given, she was equally useful. Alice had learned the duties of housekeeping theoretically and was now only beginning to put them in practice, as every young wife must do, for whatever she may know in the home of her childhood, she still finds much to be learned in organizing and arranging a new household. Cousin Agatha, on the contrary, had been trained from her childhood to do all these things, for the dependent orphan had early learned to earn her bread by her own usefulness. In the course of her married life she had been compelled to practice the thousand expedients which pride and poverty teach to a quick-witted woman, and it is not surprising, therefore, that her skill should far surpass that of the gentle and self-distrusting Alice. Doubting her own knowledge only because Agatha was near to advise, the young wife applied to her on all occasions, until at length the regulation of domestic affairs was entirely in her hands, and Alice was left only to assist in the execution of Agatha's plans. Cousin Agatha was always busied in some pretty feminine employment. She had very beautiful hands, and her long taper fingers were always engaged in some delicate needle-work or an elegant piece of tapestry. Did it ever occur to you, my fair reader, that a pretty hand never appears to such advantage as when busied with the needle? The piano extends the fingers until the hand sometimes resembles a bird's claw;—the pencil or the pen contracts it until half its beauty is concealed; but needle-work, with the various turnings and windings necessary to its accomplishment, displays both hands imperfectly natural positions and in every variety of grace. This fact was not unknown to cousin Agatha; she had no accomplishments, but she was rarely seen without the tiniest of gold thimbles upon her slender finger.

Slowly and by scarcely perceptible degrees, Agatha seemed to learn the full value of the prize which her friend had drawn in the lottery of life. His fine talents seemed to dawn upon her with daily increasing vividness, his amateur sketches became more and more characterized by genius, his musical taste developed itself surprisingly, and, ere many weeks had elapsed, Alice had the satisfaction of repeating to her husband many a heart-warm compliment breathed into the ear of the happy wife by cousin Agatha in her hours of confidential communing with her friend. Nor was Mr. Wentworth slower in discovering the latent charms of his guest. Restored to her former health, and associating as the guest of Mrs. Wentworth, in a pleasant circle of society, cousin Agatha threw aside the weeds of widowhood, and appeared in all the attractive coquetry of tasteful and becoming dress. Her luxuriant tresses were once more allowed to shadow her low feminine brow, and fall upon her graceful

neck, or, if bound up in conformity with fashion, the very restraint was studiously arranged in such a manner as to display their rich redundancy. Her grey eyes sometimes seemed actually flashing with light, and again were filled with the soft liquid lustre of intense sensibility; and then her smile, displaying her brilliant teeth and lighting up her whole face, had the effect of a sudden sunbeam upon a darkened landscape. The charm of Agatha's face was its vivid and varied expression; the grace of her person was the effect of long and carefully studied art. Not a look, not a gesture, not even a movement of her fringed eyelids, but was the result of frequent practice. There was a perfection of grace in her attitudes that seemed like Nature's self. Her head always assumed a pretty position, her curls always seemed to drop in their proper place, her drapery always fell in becoming folds, and no one observed that she was particular in avoiding cross lights, especially careful not to face a broad glare of sunshine, and remarkably fond of placing herself at the arm of a sofa, so as to obtain a fine back ground for the exhibition of her attitudes. Harry Wentworth wondered how he could ever have thought her ugly. And then her manners:—what could be more gentle, more feminine, more fascinating than the tenderness of her tones and the sweetness of her deportment? She seemed to look upon gentlemen as if she felt all a woman's helplessness, and was willing to consider man as a "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," born to be her natural protector. There was something so pleading in the soft eyes which she lifted to the face of the sterner sex, that few could resist their charm, and actually Harry Wentworth was not one of those few.

Long before the time fixed for the termination of Agatha's visit, Alice had urged her to prolong her stay, and, when Mr. Wentworth added his earnest entreaties, she was induced to promise that she would set no other limit to its duration than such as circumstances might create. But as week after week fled by, Alice began to doubt whether she had acted wisely in making this request. She was ashamed to acknowledge even to herself the feeling, but somehow or other, she was not quite as happy as she had been before cousin Agatha's coming. She attributed it to the nervous irritability from which she was now suffering, and endeavored to think that when she should once more recover her health, she would find her former enjoyment in Agatha's society. But Agatha sometimes made such singular remarks;—they were uttered with the utmost simplicity and *naïvete*, her smile was full of sweetness, her tones like the summer breeze when she spoke, and yet the import of her words was excessively cutting and sarcastic. There was often an implied censure in her manner of replying to Alice—not in the words themselves, but rather in their application, which the young wife, sick and dispirited, felt perhaps too keenly. Alice was uncomfortable, and yet she scarcely could tell why. A shadow was resting upon her path, and she felt, although she saw it not, that there was a cloud in her sunny sky. The idea that she was no longer absolutely essential to her husband's comfort sometimes crossed her mind. During the many hours which she was obliged to



spend in her own apartment, she found that Henry was fully occupied with his game of chess, or his favorite book in company with cousin Agatha, and though it seemed only a realization of her own wishes, yet she was not prepared to find herself so entirely thrown into the back-ground of the family picture.

At length Alice became a mother, and in the new emotions awakened in her bosom she forgot her vague feelings of discomfort. Mr. Wentworth was too proud and happy to think of anything but his boy, and when Alice beheld him bending over their cradled treasure with a feeling almost of awe as well as love, she wondered how she could ever have felt unhappy for a moment. Cousin Agatha seemed to share in all their joy, and in the presence of the father she fondled and caressed the child as gracefully as possible.

"Do you not think, Alice," said she one day, as she sat with the babe lying on her lap, while Wentworth bent fondly over it, "do you not think your sweet little Harry resembles poor Charles Wilson?"

"No, indeed I do not," exclaimed Alice, quickly, while the blood mounted to her pallid cheek and brow.

"Well, I certainly see a strong likeness; there is the same peculiar dimple in the chin, which neither you nor Mr. Wentworth have, and even the color of his eyes reminds me of Charles," said cousin Agatha.

"His eyes are like his father's said Alice, "and nothing is more common than to see in the face of a child a dimple which entirely disappears in later life."

"Well, Alice, dear, I did not mean to awaken any painful reminiscence by my remark; I did not know you were so sensitive on the subject." These words were uttered in the blandest tones, and the sweet smile which accompanied them was as beautiful as a sunbeam on a troubled sea; but Alice felt both pained and vexed. Agatha had recurred to the only unpleasant recollections of her whole life, and she could not determine whether it had been done by design, or was merely the result of thoughtlessness. The remark had not been without its effect upon Mr. Wentworth. He saw with surprise the evident vexation of his wife at the mention of "Charles Wilson's name, and while he feared to ask an explanation from her in her present feeble state of health, he determined to satisfy his curiosity by appealing to cousin Agatha.

"Did you never hear of Charles Wilson?" exclaimed Agatha, in great apparent surprise, when, a few hours afterwards, he asked the question.

"Never until I heard you mention him," was the reply.

"Then I ought not to tell you anything about him, because I cannot betray the confidence of a friend."

"But as a friend I entreat you to tell me."

"It is impossible, Mr. Wentworth:—what Alice has thought best to conceal I certainly will not disclose; strange that she should not have told you; there certainly ought to be the most perfect confidence between husband and wife."

"Agatha, you have excited such a painful interest in the secret, whatever it is, that I must know it."

"You will not betray me to Alice if I tell you?"

"Certainly not, if secrecy be the only condition on which I can learn the truth."

"And you promise not to think harshly of poor Alice?"

"It would be strange if I should think other than well of one whose purity of heart is so well known to me."

"Well, then," replied the insidious woman, with a slight, a very slight sneer on her lip, "since you have such undoubting faith in your wife there can be no harm in telling you. But really we are making a great affair of a very trifling occurrence. Charles Wilson was a clerk to Alice's father, and while she was yet at school, he made love to her in the hope of enticing her into a clandestine marriage. Alice was only about fifteen, and like all girls of her age was delighted with a first lover. He lived in the house with us, and of course enjoyed many opportunities of meeting her, so that before we knew anything about it, an elopement was actually planned. I happened to discover it, and as my duty required, I made it known to her parents. The consequence was that Wilson was dismissed and Alice sent to boarding school; I dare say she has thanked me for it since, though then she could not forgive me. You look pained, Mr. Wentworth. I hope my foolish frankness has not made you unhappy. I really thought it such a childish affair that I felt no hesitation in alluding to it to-day, supposing that Alice had lost all sensitiveness about it, and I was never more surprised than by her evident agitation. However, I confess I was wrong; I ought to have known that an early disappointment is not forgotten even in the midst of happiness."

"How long since this happened?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

"Just before I was married—I suppose about eight years ago; I wonder Alice did not tell you the whole story, but she is such a timid creature that I suppose she could not summon courage enough to be perfectly frank with you."

Wentworth made no reply, but the poisoned arrow had reached its mark. His confidence in his wife was shaken; he had not been the first love of her young heart—she had loved and been beloved—she had plighted her faith even in her girlhood, and the creature whom he believed to be as pure in heart as an infant, had narrowly escaped the degradation of a clandestine marriage with an inferior. He was shocked and almost disgusted; he felt heartsick, and even the sight of his child, connected as it now was with the similitude of the early lover, was painful to him. He recalled a thousand trifling circumstances which would have passed by unnoticed but for cousin Agatha's kind attempts to explain Alice's meaning, and all now corroborated his suspicions of his wife's perfect sincerity. The more he discussed the matter with Agatha, the more dissatisfied did he become with Alice; and in proportion as she fell in his estimation the frank and noble character of Agatha arose. There was a heightened sentiment about her, a sense of honor and an intensity of feeling which added new charms to her expressive countenance and graceful manners. Wentworth was not in love with Agatha,

but he was a little out of love with his wife, and the constant presence of such a fascinating woman, at such a moment, was certainly somewhat dangerous. More than once he caught himself regretting that Alice was not more like her cousin, and long before Alice was well enough to leave her apartment, he had become quite reconciled to her absence from the drawing-room. Alice felt his increasing neglect, but she dared not allow herself to attribute it to its true cause. Cousin Agatha was so kind, so attentive to her, and studied so much the comfort of Mr. Wentworth, that she almost hated herself for the growing dislike which she was conscious of feeling towards her.

One day, about two months after the birth of her babe, Alice, who had been suffering from a slow fever, felt so much better that she determined to surprise her husband by joining him at dinner. Wrapping a shawl about her, she slowly proceeded down stairs, and finding the drawing-room door partly open, entered so silently as not to disturb the occupants of the apartment. Mr. Wentworth was lying on a sofa, while cousin Agatha sat on a low ottoman beside him, with one hand threading the mazes of his bright hair, while the other was clasped in his. The face of Agatha was hidden from her, but the wretched wife beheld the eyes of her husband upturned towards it with the most vivid expression of fondness and passion. Her very soul grew sick as she gazed; she turned to glide from the room and fell senseless on the threshold. Weeks had elapsed ere she recovered her consciousness. The sudden shock which her weakened nerves had sustained, produced inflammation of the brain, and for many an anxious day her husband watched beside her sick bed, dreading lest every hour should be her last. She lay in a state of stupor, and her first signs of returning consciousness was the shiver that ran through her frame when the voice of cousin Agatha struck upon her ear.

Mr. Wentworth was conscience-stricken when, aroused by the sound of her fall, he had beheld Alice lying lifeless on the floor. He uttered not a word of enquiry, but he readily divined the cause of her condition, and, as he bore her to her apartment, he almost hated himself for the brief delirium in which his senses had been plunged. He could not be said to love Agatha, but her fascination had not been without their effect upon his ardent nature. He did not attempt to analyse his feelings, but yielding to the spell which enthralled him, abandoned himself to the enjoyment of her blandishments. Hour after hour had he spent in listening to the false sentiment which fell from her lips in the most honied accents—evening after evening had he consumed in attending her to parties of pleasure—day after day had been bestowed on the completion of her portrait, while Alice was left to the solitude of her sick room. But now, when he beheld her stricken down at his very feet, the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and his infidelity of heart appeared to him in all its true wickedness. The toils which the insidious Agatha had woven about him were broken as if by magic, and his wife, his long-suffering, wronged Alice was dearer to him than all the world beside. He watched by her with all the kindness of early



affection, and well did he understand her abhorrent shudder at the presence of Agatha. His devoted attention and the *adieux* of cousin Agatha, who now found it necessary to terminate her visit, had no small share in restoring Alice to convalescence.

Alice was slowly regaining health and strength; the faint tint of the wild-rose was once more visible on her thin cheek, and her feeble step had again borne her to the room so fraught with painful remembrances. But far different were the feelings with which she now revisited that neglected apartment. Cousin Agatha was gone—she was once more alone with her husband, and with true womanly affection she willingly forgot his past errors in his present tenderness. But there were some things yet to be explained before perfect confidence could exist between them. The serpent had been driven from their Paradise, but its trail had been left on many a flower;—the shadow of distrust still lay dark upon the pleasant paths of domestic peace, and yet both shrunk from uttering the mystic word which might chase its gloom forever. But the moment of explanation came. A letter from cousin Agatha was placed in the hands of Alice, and repressing the shudder with which she looked upon it, she proceeded to peruse it: but scarcely had she read three lines, when, with an exclamation of surprise, she handed it to her husband, and telling him it interested him no less than herself, begged him to read it aloud. It was as follows: "MY SWEET COUSIN,

"I write to repeat my thanks for the exceeding kindness and hospitality which I received while an inmate of your family. I feel especially bound to do this, because, as I am on the point of embarking for France, I may be unable for several years to offer my acknowledgments in person. You are doubtless surprised, but you will perhaps be still more so when I tell you that I am going to join my husband. Our marriage took place more than a year since, but we thought it prudent to conceal it both on account of my then recent widowhood, and because my husband was not then of age. His guardian was opposed to his union with your penniless cousin, and he was sent off on an European tour to avoid me; but we were secretly married before his departure, and as he has now attained his majority, he has written to me to meet him in Paris, where I hope to find that domestic felicity which I failed to derive from my former unhappy connection. By the way, my dear Alice, I fancied when I was at your house, that there was some little coldness existing between you and your husband. I sincerely hope that I was mistaken, and that it was my love for you which rendered me too observant of the little differences which frequently occur in married life. I think Mr. Wentworth was piqued about your early engagement with Charles Wilson; you had better explain the matter to him and he will probably find as little cause for his jealousy as, I assure you, there was for yours. Don't pout, dear Alice, you certainly were a little jealous of me, but I only flirted harmlessly with your husband *pour passer le tems*; and perhaps a little out of revenge. I wanted to try whether a 'little dowdyish red-nosed roman' could have any attractions for him."

"By Jupiter! she must have been listening at the door when I was discussing the subject of her ill-looks just after her arrival," exclaimed Mr. Wentworth.

"Yes, and mortified vanity will account for her well-practiced seductions, Harry," said Alice; "but let us hear the end of this precious epistle." Mr. Wentworth resumed:

"I hope he has fallen into his old habits again and is as fond and lover-like as I found him on my arrival. One piece of advice I must give you, my sweet Alice; do not trust him too much with those who have greater powers of fascination than his little wife, for believe me, he possesses a very susceptible nature. Do not be such a good spouse as to show him my letter. Remember I write to you with my usual impudent frankness. Kiss little Harry for me and remember me most kindly to your amiable husband."

"Ever your devoted friend and cousin,  
"AGATHA."

"P. S. Can I send you any *nicknackery* from Paris? I shall be delighted to be of service to you."

"Well, that is as characteristic a letter as I ever read," exclaimed Wentworth as he flung it on the table; "how adroitly she mingles her poison with her sweetmeats; and how well she has managed to affix a sting at the last: I wonder whom she has duped into a marriage."

"Some foolish boy, doubtless, for she speaks of him as being just of age, while she will never again see her thirtieth summer," said Alice; "but what does she mean Harry about my early engagement with Charles Wilson? He was a clerk to my father."

"She told me a long story Alice about a proposed elopement between you and this said Charles Wilson which had been prevented by her interference."

"Good Heavens! Harry, how she must have misrepresented the affair. Wilson was in papa's employ and probably fancied it would be a good speculation if he could marry his employer's daughter. He became exceedingly troublesome to me by his civilities, and finally made love to me in plain terms, when I communicated the whole affair to cousin Agatha, and begged her to tell papa of it, because I was such a child that I was ashamed to tell him myself. She did so, and Wilson was dismissed; but I was then only a school girl."

"You seemed so agitated when she recurred to the subject that I readily believed her story."

"I was vexed, Harry, because she insinuated that there was a likeness between our dear boy and that vulgar fellow."

"How I have been deceived by a fiend in the form of an angel," exclaimed Wentworth; "we should have been saved much suffering if she had never entered our doors."

"Indeed we should, Harry, and I shall never cease to reproach myself for my folly in introducing such a serpent into our Elysium."

"Your motives were kind and good, Alice; and though it has been to you a severe lesson in the deceitfulness of the world, and to me a still more painful one in the deceitfulness of my own heart, yet, I trust, that to both of us it may not be without its salutary influences."

high, with furze growing out of the top, running north and south along the river, in some places fallen, but in others entire. It had more the character of a structure than any we had ever seen, ascribed to the aborigines of America, and formed part of the wall of Copan, an ancient city, on whose history books throw but little light.

Dr. Robertson, in his *History of America*, lays it down as "a certain principle, that America was not peopled by any nation of the ancient continent which had made considerable progress in civilisation." . . . . . At that time, distrust was perhaps the safer side for the historian; but since Dr. Robertson wrote, a new flood of light has poured upon the world, and the field of American antiquities has been opened.

. . . . . The first new light thrown upon this subject as regards Mexico was by the great Humboldt, who visited that country at a time when, by the jealous policy of the government, it was almost as much closed against strangers as China is now. No man could have better deserved such fortune. At that time the monuments of the country were not a leading object of research: but Humboldt collected from various sources information and drawings, particularly of Mytla, or the Vale of the Dead: Xoxichalco, a mountain hewed down and terraced, and called "the Hill of Flowers;" and the great pyramid or temple of Cholula he visited himself. Unfortunately, of the great cities beyond the vale of Mexico, buried in forests, ruined, desolate, and without a name, Humboldt never heard, or, at least, he never visited them. It is but lately that accounts of their existence reached Europe and our own country. These accounts, however vague and unsatisfactory, had roused our curiosity; though I ought perhaps to say that both Mr. Catherwood and I were somewhat sceptical, and when we arrived at Copan, it was with the hope, rather than the expectation, of finding wonders. Since the discovery of these ruined cities the prevailing theory has been, that they belonged to a race long anterior to that which inhabited the country at the time of the Spanish conquest. Opposite the wall the river was not fordable: we returned to our mules, mounted, and rode to another part of the bank, a short distance above. The stream was wide, and in some places deep, rapid, and with a broken and stony bottom. Forging it, we rode along the bank by a footpath encumbered with undergrowth, which José opened by cutting away the branches, until we came to the foot of the wall, where we again dismounted and tied our mules.

The wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large stone steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out, from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared a way with his machete (chopping-knife), and we passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance, so far as the trees would enable us to make it out, like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column, about fourteen feet high and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all four of the sides from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curious-

ly and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike anything we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called an "Idol;" and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this monument put at rest at once and forever, in our minds, all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving, like newly-discovered historical records, that the people who once occupied the Continent of America were not savages.

With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant use of his machete conducted us through the thick forest, among half-buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance, some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians: one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots, another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another hurled to the ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing: in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people. The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift processions, forty or fifty at a time, some with little ones wound in their long arms, walking out to the end of boughs, and holding on with their hind feet or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and, with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockeries of humanity; and, with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race guarding the ruins of their former habitations.

We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by regular stone steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remained entire. In parts they were ornamented with sculptured figures and rows of death's-heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and, crossing it, descended by stone steps into an area so covered with trees, that at first we could not make out its form, but which, on clearing the way with the machete, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all the sides almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheatre. The steps were ornamented with sculpture, and on the south side, about half way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a colossal head, evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace a hundred feet high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which we had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees, and even at this height from the ground were two gigantic Ceibas, or wild cotton-

From Stephens's Travels.

## RUINS OF COPAN.

We dismounted, and tying our mules to trees near by, entered the woods, José, the guide, clearing a path before us with a machete. Soon we came to the bank of a river, and saw directly opposite a stone wall, perhaps a hundred feet

trees of India, above twenty feet in circumference, extending their half-naked roots fifty or a hundred feet around, binding down the ruins, and shading them with their wide-spreading branches. We sat down on the very edge of the wall, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery by which we were surrounded.

The next morning, before we started, a new party, who had been conversing some time with Don Gregorio, stepped forward and said that he was the owner of the "Idols," that no one could go on the land without his permission, and handed me his title-papers. This was a new difficulty. I was not disposed to dispute his title, but read his papers as attentively as if I meditated an action in ejectment: and he seemed relieved when I told him his title was good, and that, if not disturbed, I would make him a compliment at parting. . . . Our new acquaintance, Don José Maria Asabedo, was about fifty, tall, and well dressed; that is, his cotton shirt and pantaloons were clean: he was inoffensive, though ignorant; and one of the most respectable inhabitants of Copan. . . . Don José Maria accompanied me to the ruins, where I found Mr. Catherwood with the Indian workmen. Again we wandered over the whole ground in search of some ruined building in which we could take up our abode, but there was none. To hang up our hammock under the trees was madness: the branches were still wet, the ground muddy, and again there was a prospect of early rain; but we were determined not to go back to Don Gregorio's. Don Maria conducted me to a hut at a little distance—the family-mansion of another Don, who was a white man, about forty, dressed in a pair of dirty cotton drawers, with a nether garment hanging outside, a handkerchief tied around his head, and barefooted; and by name Don Miguel. I told him that we wished to pass a few days among the ruins, and obtained his permission to stop at his hut. . . . All day I had been brooding over the title-deeds of Don José Maria, and at night drawing my blanket around me, I suggested to Mr. Catherwood "an operation." (Hide your heads, ye speculators in up-town lots!) To buy Copan! remove the monuments of a by-gone people from the desolate region in which they were buried, set them up in the "great commercial emporium," and found an institution to be the nucleus of a great national museum of American antiquities! But query, Could the "idols" be removed? They were on the banks of a river that emptied into the same ocean by which the docks of New York are washed, but there were rapids below: and, in answer to my inquiry, Don Miguel said these were impassable. Nevertheless, I should have been unworthy of having passed through the times "that tried men's souls," if I had not had an alternative; and this was to exhibit my sample: to cut one up and remove it in pieces, and make casts of the others. The casts of the Parthenon are regarded as precious memorials in the British Museum, and casts of Copan would be the same in New York.

Trudging once more, next morning, over the district which contained the principal monuments, we were startled by the immensity of the work before us, and very soon we concluded that to explore the whole extent would be impossible. Our guides knew only of this district; but having seen columns beyond the village, a league distant, we had reason to believe that others were strewed in different directions, completely buried in the woods, and entirely unknown. The woods were

so dense that it was almost hopeless to think of penetrating them. The only way to make a thorough exploration would be to cut down the whole forest and burn the trees. This was incompatible with our immediate purposes, might be considered taking liberties, and could only be done in the dry season. After deliberation, we resolved first to obtain drawings of the sculptured columns. Even in this there was great difficulty. The designs were very complicated, and so different from anything Mr. Catherwood had ever seen before as to be perfectly unintelligible. The cutting was in very high relief, and required a strong body of light to bring up the figures; and the foliage was so thick, and the shade so deep, that drawing was impossible.

After much consultation, we selected one of the "idols," and determined to cut down the trees around it, and thus lay it open to the rays of the sun. Here again was difficulty. There was no axe; and the only instrument which the Indians possessed was the machete, which varies in form in different sections of the country; wielded with one hand, it was useful in clearing away shrubs and branches, but almost harmless upon large trees; and the Indians, as in the days when the Spaniards discovered them, applied to work without ardour, carried it on with little activity, and, like children, were easily diverted from it. One hacked into a tree, and, when tired, which happened very soon, sat down to rest, and another relieved him. While one worked there were always several looking on. I remembered the ring of the woodman's axe in the forest at home, and wished for a few long-sided Green Mountain boys. But we had been buffeted into patience, and watched the Indians while they hacked with their machetes, and even wondered that they succeeded so well. At length the trees were felled and dragged aside, a space cleared around the base, Mr. Catherwood's frame set up, and he set to work. . . . It is impossible to describe the interest with which I explored these ruins. The ground was entirely new; there were no guide-books or guides; the whole was a virgin soil. We could not see ten yards before us, and never knew what we should stumble upon next. At one time we stopped to cut away branches and vines which concealed the face of a monument, and then to dig around and bring to light a fragment, a sculptured corner of which protruded from the earth. I leaned over with breathless anxiety while the Indians worked, and an eye, an ear, a foot, or a hand was disentombed; and when the machete rang against the chiseled stone, I pushed the Indians away, and cleared out the loose earth with my hands. The beauty of the sculpture, the solemn stillness of the woods, disturbed only by the scrambling of monkeys and the chattering of parrots, the desolation of the city, and the mystery that hung over it, all created an interest higher, if possible, than I had ever felt among the ruins of the Old World. After several hours' absence I returned to Mr. Catherwood, and reported upwards of fifty objects to be copied. I found him not so well pleased as I expected with my report. He was standing with his feet in the mud, and was drawing with his gloves on, to protect his hands from the moschetoës. As we feared, the designs were so intricate and complicated, the subjects so entirely new and unintelligible, that he had great difficulty in drawing. He had made several attempts, both with the camera lucida and without, but failed to satisfy himself, or even me, who was less severe in criticism. The "idol" seem-

ed to defy his art; two monkeys on a tree on one side appeared to be laughing at him, and I felt discouraged and despondent.—[Despite the difficulties which obstructed their labours, the two antiquaries continued their operations. Mr. Catherwood, thanks to a piece of oiled canvass and a pair of waterproof boots, "worth their weight in gold," established himself in a somewhat less perilous studio than at first; and Mr. Stephens's time was fully occupied in selecting ornaments for him to copy and clearing away the trees around them, in carrying on a defensive war against the churlish Don Gregorio and a drunken alcalde, and in negotiations with Don José Maria for the purchase of the city. When first Mr. Stephens propounded the question to him, "What will you take for your ruins?" the Don's astonishment was unbounded; and strong doubts evidently came upon him both as to the sanity and solvency of the buyer. However, he said he would consult his wife, and give his answer on the morrow.]

The next morning he came, and his condition was truly pitiable. He was anxious to convert unproductive property into money, but was afraid to do so, and said that I was a stranger, and it might bring him into difficulty with the government. I again went into proof of character, and engaged to save him harmless. . . . Shades of suspicion still lingered; and, as a last resource, I opened my trunk, and put on a diplomatic coat, with a profusion of large eagle buttons. I had on a Panama hat, soaked with rain and spotted with mud, a check shirt, white pantaloons, yellow up to the knees with mud, and was about as outré as the negro king who received a company of British officers, on the coast of Africa, in a cocked hat and military coat without any inexpressibles; but Don José Maria could not withstand the buttons on my coat; the cloth was the finest he had ever seen; and Don Miguel and his wife were fully convinced that they had in their hut an illustrious incognito. The only question was who should find paper on which to draw the contract. I did not stand upon trifles, and gave Don Miguel some paper, who took our mutual instructions, and appointed the next day for the execution of the deed. The reader is perhaps curious to know how old cities sell in Central America. . . . I paid fifty dollars for Copan.

From Howitt's Student Life in Germany.  
RURAL AND SUMMER AMUSEMENTS  
OF THE STUDENTS.

The natural beauties of Heidelberg are well known abroad. Who is he who has looked upon its picturesque environs with a healthful mind, and has not been enraptured with them? Therefore, the son of the Muses, who is here passing his student years, eagerly hastens out in the lovely days of summer into the free regions of nature that lie around. The walks in the immediate vicinity of the city are diligently trodden by him. Above all, the castle enjoys the frequent visits of the student youth in thronging numbers. The student is to be met here every hour of the day, but he still more loves to survey here the beauties of a moonlight night. Leaning over the terrace, he looks down upon the city as it lies in its solemn silence stretched along the bank of the Neckar. Its inhabitants, with all their troubles and pleasures,—his companions, with all the pursuits and passions of restless youth, are hushed into deep slumber. He only wakes, but the hours which he steals from sleep are not lost. He glances wide over the plain of the Pfalz, which, illumined by the moon's uncertain light, offers to the eye no longer its boundary of hills. Opposite to him, the castle rears its gigantic pile, and varying its outlines with every change of the moonlight, challenges the imagination to equal its bold features in its highest flights. The moon now advances from behind some envious cloud, and the windows of the palace of Otto Heinrich appear magically lit up, and it seems again to stand in all the splendor of past ages. But the solitary watcher has unconsciously wandered forward till he finds himself standing close to the spot where Matthieson sung his elegy. Suddenly all falls back into shade, and before him stands a sublime image of the wrath and passions of man—the rifted tower—one part blown up and hurled, in one mighty mass, into the moat. In the vaulted chambers of the yet standing portion, the mysterious forms of heroes long gone down to the dust, seem to erect themselves, and to cry woe over the desolating fury of the French. The wanderer feels a momentary shiver pass through him—but he glances up to heaven, which expands above him in its glorious clearness—an image of divine peace and rest; the owl, with its dismal shout of joy, brings him back from his dreams, and in silence he descends to the silent city.

How sweet 't is in the air!  
No hateful tyrant there  
Scathes Nature's fair reign.  
No base adulator,  
No slanderous traitor,  
Empoisons the plain. *Satis.*

The cool shades of the Wolfsbrunnen afford the student a delicious retreat in the heat of a summer's day; and many another spot of the vicinity are sought by him with equal delight, which have been already often sketched and described.

The more distant places the student seeks by means of a horse or carriage. The riding horses for hire are truly, for the most part, wretched jades. Even the means which the Renommist of Zacharie used would prove unavailing here; and what he thus describes, on such Rosinantes as these could not come to pass.

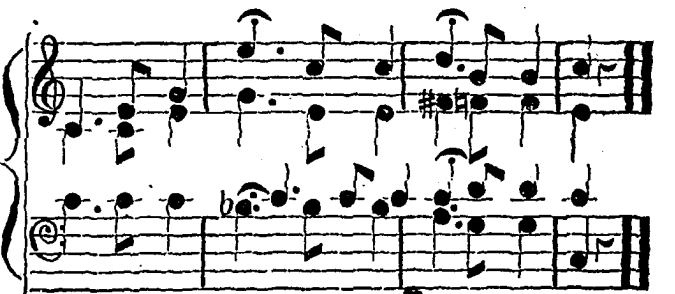
A spur-stroke and a curse gave wings unto his horse.  
The crack of ponderous whip, and rib-thumps sans remorse,  
Sent him all foaming on, till almost in a minute,  
The country lay behind him, the next he was not in it.

A peculiar class of equipages are let out in the university cities, and are hired by the student partly on account of their cheapness, but more especially, because he can charioteer himself. He styles these little chaises with one horse, a one-span, or one-engine. With one of these he undertakes journeys which, especially on Sundays, stretch themselves as far as Mannheim, to the Hardt mountains, to the Melibocus, or even to Karlsruhe and Baden-Baden. The persecuted horse who drags these vehicles, knows the way from Mannheim and other places, much better than his temporary master; and when in dark nights a one-engine goes wrong or comes to any accident, it is for the most part because his driver will not let him have his own way. Many a time the poor beasts are so weary that the student can no longer urge them forward with the whip, and is obliged to have recourse to stones that he picks from the road.

Water excursions are seldom undertaken, because the ill-constructed pleasure-boats do not allow him to guide them himself:

The neighborhood of so many beautiful countries incites the student to more extensive excursions, and he travels, during the vacations, into Switzerland, the Rhine country, and other places, chiefly in company of a few friends. We may suppose it to be on some incident connected with one of these excursions that Uhland has founded his beautiful ballad of

THE WIRTHIN'S DAUGHTER.



"Frau Wirthin, hast thou good beer and wine,  
And where is that lovely daughter of thine?"

"My beer and wine are fresh and clear;  
My dear daughter lies upon the death-bier!"

And as they stepped to the innermost room,  
There was she lying robed for the tomb.

The first he withdrew then the veiling screen,  
And gazed upon her with sorrowful mein:

"Ah, wert thou living, fair flower of earth,  
How should I love thee from this day forth!"

The second he covered the pale, dead face,  
And turn'd him round and wept apace:

"Ah, there thou art lying on thy death-bier,  
And how have I loved thee for many a year!"

The third he lifted once more the veil,  
And kissed her upon the lips so pale:

"Thee I loved ever! yet love thee to-day!  
And still shall I love thee for aye and for aye!"

**SAGACITY OF A CAT.**

*Every Youth's Gazette, A Semi - Monthly Journal Devoted to the Amusement, Instruction, and Moral ...*Jan 22, 1842; 1  
American Periodicals  
pg. 9

probably saved the premises from being robbed.—  
[English paper.

~~~~~  
SAGACITY OF A CAT.-It was only a few evenings ago that one of our worthy neighbors, who keeps a shop in Little Underbank, was much surprised at the conduct of his cat. He was standing in his shop, when pussy put her paw on his trousers, and endeavored to pull him toward the cellar, leading out of the shop. He took no notice at first, but this she repeated three times; and in order to see what could be the cause of her thus troubling him, he took her in his arms and carried her into the cellar, where he kept a large quantity of leather. Pussy immediately sprang from him, and jumping upon a piece of leather, began to look underneath it, as if in search of something. Her master raised the leather, and he there found a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age concealed under it. On bringing the young rascal from his hiding place, he naturally asked him what he was doing there. The reply was, that he had not money to pay for a lodging, and thought he would stay there till morning. The worthy shopkeeper made him remember that a feather bed was preferable to a leather one, by inflicting summary punishment on the offender. Thus the sagacity of this famous cat most

## THE STUDENT OF GOTTINGEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY THE EDITOR.

ABSORBED in profound thought, Wilhelm sat writing regardless of all that was passing around him. A threatening storm had arisen—the rain was falling in torrents, the wind howled around his miserable garret and whistled through the crannies of the ill-constructed sashes of his one small window; a few scattered coals burnt mournfully upon the hearth; his smoky lamp was flickering and gave but little light; yet Wilhelm still wrote on.

One hand supported his forehead, whilst the other ran with rapidity over the paper; he appeared to hear nothing of the fiercely raging storm which assailed his dwelling. At last his pen stopped—Wilhelm raised his head—pressed his hand wildly to his forehead, and then read over the lines he had just written, with agonized attention.

TO FRANTZ ROLLER, STUDENT :—

“When you read this letter, all will be over; I shall have quitted this life of misery and deception; I shall have left this world and have entered into a better one; this I hope and I believe; for when death approaches us we no longer doubt. Adieu! then, you whom I have loved so well; you, who from my childhood I have looked upon as the one half of my soul, of my existence; adieu! Think sometimes of poor Wilhelm—and if ever you should bestow your friendship on another, do not deceive him as you have deceived

me; for you might also, perhaps, cause his death; and he might not, even when dying, forgive you as I do now. Yes, I forgive you, Frantz, and yet it is you, and you alone, who compel me to destroy myself—do not forget that! Others may attribute my suicide to poverty or to exaggerated notions; I wish that you, at least, should know my real motives. Do you remember that night, Frantz, when sitting by the roadside, we clasped each other's hand, and fixing our eyes upon the heavens, then radiant with stars, swore to each other an eternal friendship? I was poor, you were rich; I was alone in the world, without relations, without friends; you had all these; you were beloved, cherished by all, and yet you said, ‘With you, Wilhelm, I will share my fortune, my happiness, my life; to me you give your friendship and that I prize above all earthly possessions.’ I accepted all, for you were then sincere! Since that night we have lived as brothers; I have loved but you, you and Mira, that child who, an orphan like myself, inspired me with a love as pure and innocent as her own heart; every hour that I could spare from labor and study I passed with you and her, in the enjoyment of happiness too perfect for this life, where every thing is ephemeral.

Madman that I was! how often have I taken a dream for a reality? Yes, I did



but dream; it was only this evening that I awoke; this evening, Frantz, I saw you kneeling at Mira's feet, and Mira allowed her hand to remain in yours, and kindly smiled upon you. I saw you, and I did not kill you! Ah! you may thank the friendship which I vowed to you; it was that alone which restrained my arm—for an instant, the temptation was almost irresistible! But I am now calm, and I forgive you: Mira is so beautiful! you have seen and conversed with her almost daily, and you loved her! could it be otherwise? But how could you thus sacrifice your friend? For myself, I do not forget what we have been to each other. Alone, sequestered in the miserable garret which I occupied before I shared with you your dwelling, I am preparing myself to die. What have I now to live for? Deprived of love and friendship, the two poles of life, study would be a derision, existence a torment. Farewell, Frantz! farewell, Mira! may you still be happy. Think sometimes of your friend; his last prayer will be for you."

Wilhelm folded and sealed the letter, wrote the address, and then, with a convulsive movement, opened a drawer and seized a pistol. After having looked at it for some moments, he laid it upon his bureau, rose and paced the room with hurried steps.

"Die!" he exclaimed, "die so young! when I have still before me a career so long, so many years of life! Die! when I also might become rich, beloved, happy! But no, that is now impossible, I must die."

And he advanced towards the table.

The storm howled with redoubled fury.

"Oh!" continued Wilhelm, his agitation increasing every moment, "if the dreams of my youth could only be realized; if some all-powerful spirit, angel or demon, would offer me in exchange for my life, my eternity, only a few years of happiness; if I could make one of those compacts with ——"

A loud clap of thunder stopped his ut-

terance—a flash of lightning, of a livid blue color, illuminated the garret and filled it with a sulphurous smell.

Terrified, overcome by indescribable emotions—a prey to wonderful imaginings—pale, his hair standing on end, Wilhelm tremblingly supported himself by leaning on his arm chair, and cried out:—

"To my aid, oh Satan!"

He had hardly uttered the words when he heard a knocking at his door.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"Open; it is I," replied a rough and screeching voice.

"Who are you?"

"He, whom you called."

Distracted, incapable of making the slightest movement, or of pronouncing a single word, the young man fell almost fainting into the arm-chair.

"Open," resumed the voice, "or I will break down the door."

Wilhelm did not stir.

The door opened as if by magic, and a little old man, dressed in black, whose eyes shone like carbuncles, entered the apartment.

The lamp burned still more dimly, emitting but feeble rays of light. "You have but little politeness," said the unknown, approaching Wilhelm, "the weather is too bad to leave even a d—l outside; you call me, I come at your first summons; I climb up six stories, and you allow me to stand freezing at your door; I thought that German students were more civilized, but that was a delusion; it appears that I too am subject to delusions. Now then, let me have a chair—let us sit down and have a little conversation."

The little old man turned round to look for a chair, but there was not one in the garret.

"How now, what, not a seat for me?" cried he, "you have only this one old leathern arm-chair? But never mind! we shall still be able to manage matters."

And he seated himself on one of the arms of the antique piece of furniture, into which Wilhelm had fallen.

"Well! you called me; what do you want with me?"

"Nothing," replied Wilhelm, in a smothered, half-choking voice.

"Nothing—how is this? Do you perchance mean to make game of me? But no, that cannot be—you are frightened—and I, who always thought that German students were too brave to be alarmed at any thing!—another delusion of which I must divest myself. Come, come, try to put off this fear, and answer me. What, not a word? This is too bad; well then I must speak for you. You called me because Frantz and Mira have betrayed you; you wished to be revenged—all that is natural enough. Oh! do not interrupt me; should you ever attempt to deny it, I should not believe you. Further, you wish to be *happy* during a few years, and for all this you sell yourself to me; the bargain is not, perhaps, a very advantageous one for me; but I am a good d—I and I accept it. The contract is duly made; I will not ask you for your signature; between men of honor, like you and I, that formality is unnecessary—moreover, for better security, I intend never to leave you. I have to-night borrowed the clothes and the features of old Doctor Cornelius, one of my best friends; I make free with his name also, and under this disguise I mean to become your companion and your Mentor."

Stupified and stunned, Wilhelm stared wildly at the Doctor who, after having finished his harangue, strode up and down the room as quickly as his short legs would allow. On a sudden he stopped.

"Do you know," said the old man, "that your room is exceedingly cold. Perhaps you German students are accustomed to it; but, for my part, I must acknowledge to you that being used to a good fire, I do not feel at all comfortable; luckily I happen to have about me a cordial which will warm me and reanimate you, for you look as if you were going to faint."

Whilst uttering these words he drew

from his pocket a small phial, took from the chimney-piece a glass, filled it about half full, and presented it to the young man saying, "drink."

Wilhelm would have pushed him away, but the little old man fastened his piercing eyes upon him, and so fascinated him by his look that all resistance was useless. The student had scarcely finished drinking, when he felt a heaviness pervade his whole frame—his eyes became dim—his head fell listlessly upon his chest, and in a few minutes he sank into perfect forgetfulness.

## CHAPTER II.

Two cavaliers were urging their horses at full speed over a sandy road, shut in on both sides by lofty and cragged rocks.

The dim rays of the moon were thrown upon the rocks, and on the branches of some leafless fir trees, shedding but a wan and pale light upon the ground.

There was not a breath of wind—all was still as death, save the cadenced steps of the two black horses, which were hurrying on, rapid as the lightning; and the confused murmur of words, uttered in a low tone of voice by the two cavaliers.

The Doctor, rather squatting, than sitting on his courser's back, had not changed the expression of his countenance; the same satanical expression still animated his smile—the same fire still gleamed in his eyes.

Paler than death itself, Wilhelm, shewed evident marks of the feverish emotions which devoured him; his hollow, but sparkling eyes, his lips trembling with nervous agitation, his hair in disorder, gave to his physiognomy a strange and fitful look, which, in the moonlight, made him appear a fantastic, rather than a human being: nevertheless, his attitude was that of a man resolved, and in his brilliant eyes could be traced an unalterable determination, a power of will, which overcame the weakness of the body.

"Shall we soon arrive at our journey's

end?" asked the young man, in a hollow tone of voice.

"Very shortly?"

"Then let us hold in our horses a little, for the rapid pace we are going at kills me."

"The condemned, always ride too fast."

"Silence, demon; I am thine I know, because I have no room in my heart now, but for vengeance; I am thine, because thou hast bought me; but I will not permit thee to remind me of the infamous compact—be silent!"

"In the first place, you call me demon, that is not generous; I have already informed you of my title, Doctor Cornelius! I prefer that name, it sounds better to the ear; I will therefore thank you to remember it. Then again, you call our bargain an infamous compact; that is a slight mistake; there is no infamy in it, for it is all to your advantage. You shall yourself decide the question. You were simple enough not to desire vengeance on those who had injured you—I inspired you with a trifling degree of proper animosity against the two fugitives: Frantz and Mira had fled from Gottingen, I confided to you the best horse in my stables, and I joined you in your pursuit of them. Once revenged, I will procure for you a fortune, and new made titles; you will become rich and honored, without being compelled to be honorable; and in exchange for all this, what do you give me? Your life! why, you were about to cut the thread of it, when I first made your acquaintance."

The Doctor was interrupted by Wilhelm, who pointed to a light in the distance.

"That is the end of our journey," added he "let us hurry on."

In a few moments the travellers arrived at the sign of the Three Fir Trees; a post chaise, without horses, stood at the door.

Wilhelm called for the ostler; a lad came out and helped him to dismount; he was about to enter the house, when the lad stopped him and asked,

"Pray, noble Sir, does that other horse, without a rider, belong to you also?"

The young man turned round, and to his amazement saw that the Doctor had not yet quitted his saddle; however, upon a sign which his companion made to him, he answered in the affirmative.

The surprise of Wilhelm was increased when, giving his orders to provide supper for two, the inkeeper asked him whether it would be long before the second guest arrived. The Doctor was then standing by his side, and smiling significantly at him. He was getting angry, and was about to vent his rage upon the persons who surrounded him, when Cornelius raised his voice and said,

"My dear friend, I am invisible to all these people; you alone can see me; you alone can hear my voice. Therefore do not speak to me; act as if I were not here; listen only to what I say; conform in every thing to my advice, and all will go well."

Wilhelm, amazed, eyed the Doctor earnestly, who withdrew to a corner of the room; he then took a chair and seated himself by the fire, and covering his face with both hands, fell into a profound reverie. He was roused from it by the Doctor's putting his hand upon his shoulder, and making him raise his head; the Doctor then pointed to the further end of the apartment.

A door opened, and Mira entered the room leaning on the arm of Frantz.

Wilhelm at once sprang upon his feet, and pale and trembling, his arms crossed over his chest, advanced to meet the new comers.

"Wretches," exclaimed he, "at last we meet again. You thought to escape me; you basely fled to avoid the chastisement which awaits you, but my vengeance did not sleep. Frantz, where are now your vows—what has become of that eternal friendship which you swore to me? Frantz, where is now your boasted honor? And you too, Mira, perfidious Mira, how have you regarded your plighted faith? You, whom I venerated as a Madonna, Mira, where are now your modesty and truth?"

"Wilhelm, my friend," replied Mira, tremblingly.

"I am no longer your friend—I am no longer Wilhelm—I am now your judge. The hour of justice and of vengeance has arrived."

"Wilhelm, in the name of our early friendship," said Frantz imploringly.

"Our friendship! he invokes our friendship! he, who has trampled under foot his most sacred oaths; he, who has belied his faith, his honor; he, who has deprived me, his friend, of the only treasure I valued upon earth; a treasure for which, I would have paid with my heart's blood! he robbed me of it, and then fled like a thief, a coward. Yes, Frantz Roller, you are a coward, and I blush that I have ever been your friend. But I will be less a coward than you are. I might kill you, but I allow you at least, a chance for your life. Defend yourself."

Wilhelm had seized two old swords, which were hanging upon the wall of the room—he threw one of them at his adversary's feet.

"Wilhelm," said Frantz, calm this transport and listen to me. I acknowledge that I am guilty, but still I can justify myself; hear me—I do not wish to fight—I will not fight with you; I am still your friend—I have not betrayed you; Mira is still pure and worthy of your love."

"Can it be true?"

"That man lies!" ejaculated Doctor Cornelius.

Wilhelm had hesitated, but that voice again aroused his fury; his features reassumed their harshness—he raised his sword.

"I want no explanations, no more falsehoods; Frantz Roller defend yourself, and whether you will or not, I will thus force you to it."

With these words, he struck Frantz a blow on the cheek with the flat of his sword. Frantz picked up the one Wilhelm had thrown to him, and their blades crossed.

Mira would have thrown herself be-

tween the combatants, but Wilhelm pushed her rudely on one side; she fell upon the floor.

After two or three thrusts, the Doctor drew near; invisible to Frantz, he knocked his sword on one side, and directed that of Wilhelm to his adversaries breast.

Frantz fell, uttering a piteous groan; he had been struck to the heart.

Wilhelm remained mute and motionless before the body, contemplating with mournful eyes the blood of him who had been his best, his only friend; he appeared petrified. The old man again roused him from his stupor, took him by the hand, and pointed with his finger at Mira who, terrified and weeping, was crouching in a corner of the room; he then said to him:

"Finish your task!"

Wilhelm raised his sword and with slow steps approached the young girl.

"Pray!" said he to her, "pray, for you are about to die."

"To die!" screamed Mira, rising in an agony of terror, "to die, that is impossible."

"Pray, I tell you."

"What have I then done Wilhelm, my good Wilhelm, that I should die? But no, no, you will not kill me—you say so only to terrify me."

"Pray."

"Oh, God! you are then really in earnest—Wilhelm, Wilhelm, oh, speak to me!"

"Pray, Mira."

"See then, I throw myself at your feet! I pray and weep! do not kill me; spare me, I am too young to die! I have loved you so tenderly; I do still love you faithfully! Do not kill me; we might still be happy; I am innocent; my love, my life is yours, but do not kill me. We can fly together, far, very far—and I will pray so fervently, that God will forgive you the death of the unfortunate Frantz. Wilhelm! Wilhelm! in the name of our love, in the name of your own sainted mother, I implore you not to kill me."

These words affected Wilhelm deeply.

For a moment he dropped the point of his sword, but the diabolical voice and laugh of Doctor Cornelius again rang in his ears; he made a violent effort, and placing one hand upon the mouth of the young girl to smother her cries and sobs, he twice thrust his sword into her breast.

Wilhelm was avenged; but the nervous fever which had sustained his resolution, and had urged him to the commission of this double crime, suddenly left him. The sword dropped from his hand; he fell upon his knees before the still palpitating body of Mira. He took her hands in his, drew from her finger a ring and placed it on his own; and then smoothing her light tresses, he bent down, and imprinted a last chaste kiss upon her lovely forehead.

When he rose up, large tears were chasing each other down his pale and hollow cheeks; finally, worn out by his emotions, Wilhelm fell senseless to the ground, as though overcome by heavy and profound sleep.

### CHAPTER III.

When Wilhelm awoke, he was in his own garret, seated in his old arm-chair. His mind was wandering; he kept on talking aloud and unconsciously of the dreadful events in which he had been so lately and so actively engaged. On a sudden he perceived Doctor Cornelius who was standing a few paces from him, and appeared to be watching him with anxious affection.—There beamed in his looks an expression of tender interest, and of goodness, altogether unusual. He advanced to take hold of his hand, but Wilhelm shrunk with horror from his touch. His recollection seemed to be gradually returning with reviving animation.

“Avaunt, demon! avaunt, murderer of my friend and of my betrothed; do not pollute me with thy blood-stained hands.”

“Listen to me, Wilhelm.”

“Listen to thee! oh, no! I will no longer hearken to thy insinuating voice or thy perfidious councils! it was thou that

caused me to fall into the abyss, but thou shalt not drag me to the bottom!”

“Hear me!”

“No, leave me! my whole future life shall be passed in repentance and tears.”

“Listen to me, thou must do so! I command it.”

And the Doctor fixed upon Wilhelm his small sparkling eyes, and again overcame him by the fascination of his look.

The student covered his face with his hands and remained silent.

“Listen, and do not interrupt me. I am about to relate to you a history in which you play a prominent character.”

“About fifty years ago, there was at the University of Wittenberg a young man who raised himself above the other students by his powers of mind, and by knowledge which he had acquired through long and painful study. His name was Cornelius.”

“The pupil soon became a master and acquired a brilliant reputation throughout the whole of Germany. Possessed of a large fortune, and a name which he had rendered illustrious, Doctor Cornelius found that his society was every where courted; the most noble families eagerly sought the honor of his alliance. For a long time he resisted all their offers. His heart and life were devoted only to his studies—although still young, he knew no other passion. He at last yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and allowed them to present him to the Margrave of of Anspach, who bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter Catharine.”

“The marriage was celebrated with great pomp. The following day Cornelius had resumed his studious and retired habits. The arrival of a woman in his house was to him an event of little import—it had passed almost unperceived by him. Nevertheless, this woman was marvellously beautiful; but Cornelius had not even looked at her. Born to attract attention and admiration—accustomed to shine in the gay world—Catherine suddenly found herself completely alone, abandoned

even by her husband, who sometimes almost forgot the existence of such a person. For two years she led a melancholy and painful life without even uttering a complaint, without shedding a tear ; but solitude and neglect had sunk deep into her heart, and, like a plant translated to a foreign soil, she withered and faded away day by day ; at length she died after giving birth to a daughter."

"It was then that Doctor Cornelius first felt how guilty he had been—what sufferings he had caused this good and patient angel. It was then only he discovered that he had possessed a treasure without appreciating its true worth. Regret was useless ; there was no remedy for the past. Cornelius felt this keenly, but he determined, at all events, to profit for the future by the experience he had so unhappily acquired. From that time his love of study became less exclusive ; what he most cherished upon earth was his daughter, the living image of her whose loss he mourned. He left Wittemberg, the city of death and misfortune to him, and fixed himself at Gottingen, where, alone and unknown, he devoted himself entirely to his child and to his studies."

"The young girl had grown up—at the age of sixteen she was a treasure of beauty, of grace and ingenuousness. Cornelius began to think of finding her a suitable husband. Doubtless being rich, and daughter of Catharine of Anspach, she might have aspired to the most exalted alliances ; but Cornelius did not wish for titles or for wealth ; he wished to give her a husband, whether rich or poor was a secondary consideration, but one who like himself should be virtuous and studious, and better calculated than he had been to render a woman happy. He sought for such an one among the young students at Gottingen ; and it was upon the most distinguished, the most virtuous, but the poorest amongst them, that his choice fell—it was to you, Wilhelm, that he destined the hand of his daughter."

"To me !" exclaimed Wilhelm, raising his head.

"Do not interrupt me—Cornelius determined to give you his daughter ; but he required proofs of the noble qualities which you were said to possess. You might, perhaps, have loved Mira, rich and honored for her fortune and her father's illustrious name ; he caused her to be presented to you, as an unfortunate and portionless orphan. Poor, as she appeared, you loved her ; unprotected, still you respected her. Cornelius had rightly judged you ; you were worthy of her !"

"Oh demon, demon ! why do you torment me with the view of so brilliant a perspective, so much lost happiness. Why give me a glimpse of that Eden from which I am for ever shut out by the perfidy of a woman and the treachery of a friend."

"Frantz and Mira have not betrayed you," rejoined the Doctor, earnestly, "the old Cornelius still required one more trial of your virtue ; he wished to ascertain whether you loved his daughter above every thing ; whether you had courage and affection enough to sacrifice your own happiness to hers ; all had been previously arranged between him and Frantz Roller."

"What says't thou, demon ? Frantz and Mira were not guilty ! and I have murdered them ! Oh may thou be for ever accursed, thou who hast contrived this diabolical plot ! Innocent, and I have pitilessly killed them ! My hands have been imbrued in their blood—they even still bear the stains of those relentless deeds ! oh ! horror, horror !"

"Be calm, be calm, Wilhelm—you are still under the influence of a direful dream ; listen attentively, and believe what I am about to tell you, for it is useless to hide it longer from you. I am Doctor Cornelius, the father of Mira, that Mira whom you have killed but in a dream."

"What cruel mockery is this ?"

"I am not mocking you, young man.—Last night I hid myself behind this door ; I heard you call on Satan, and I appeared."



I could not resist the temptation of profiting, for a moment, by the superstitious excitement in which I found you, to obtain a still farther knowledge of your character, and I assumed the character of the demon you had invoked. But in a few minutes, your excessive agitation and the wanderings of your mind alarmed me. I then forced you to swallow a draught which would induce sleep. You have slept several hours. You now know the truth. Let your mind recover its tranquillity, and dissipate for ever the frightful images with which your imagination has been oppressed, under the influence of a pretended compact with the demon."

"A dream! impossible. All these horrible events are too strongly impressed upon my memory—it cannot have been a dream! I must have proofs, doctor, living proofs!

"You shall have them," replied Cornelius, affectionately, "from this moment, you are my son."

At this moment the voices of Frantz and Mira were heard upon the stairs.

Wilhelm heard them with amazement and rushed eagerly forward to meet them.

"Mira, Frantz," he exclaimed, "can you forgive me."

"What have I to forgive my friend," artlessly replied the young girl.

"He is surely mad," rejoined Frantz.

"Yes," said Wilhelm, "I am mad, mad with delight and joy. I feel that my reason is giving way with this excess of happiness."

"Stop a little," said the doctor, "you cannot lose your senses without my permission, and I formally object to it; you know that you are my property."

"Oh Doctor, Father, do not again recall these sorrowful remembrances."

The old man whispered a few words in his ear, and then looked smilingly at him. But this time there was no irony or sarcasm in his looks. It was the smile of paternal satisfaction and happiness.

Wilhelm married Mira, and he has become, under another name, one of the most distinguished and most learned men of modern Germany.

# THE BLUE VELVET MANTILLA.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"I do admire  
Of womankind but one." *John Gilpin.*

"So then, Julius, you are at last a lawyer, out and out?—how did you pass your examination?"

"Just to please myself, uncle, I wasn't stumped once."

"Bravo! I am glad to hear it; that was exactly following my example. Before I got through, they tried hard to pose me, but I was an overmatch for them. I would have made a capital lawyer, Julius, had I chosen to practise."

"What a pity you did not, uncle!"

"Yes, that's what all my friends say, and that, if I had not been too rich to need it, they would have given me all the business in their power,—every cent's worth of it. Many of them wish that I had been poorer, that I might have been of greater service to the public."

"What kind friends you must have, sir!"

"You rascal! I see that you are laughing at me. However, I intend to take you for my raw material, and make of you everything that I have failed to be myself. In the first place, you are to rise to the height of the profession here, in this very city, to make amends for my not having attained the station."

"But the opposite reason to yours will forbid my accomplishing that, my dear sir,—too light a purse, is, in the generality of cases, a greater obstacle than one too heavy."

"An ingenious lawyer, to presume that, when I employ you to do my work for me, I expect you to go upon your own means! why, my worshipful attorney, you must live here with me, in my own house, and make use of my own purse. It is my place to pay the expenses."

"Dear uncle! how kind you are! how generous!—I can never be sufficiently grateful—"

"Spare your eloquence to plead my causes for me!—we lawyers know how much speeches ought to go for, so I want none of them here, just now. Am I not telling you that you are to work for me in return?—and I wish you to fulfil another of my duties towards society."

"Anything in the world, uncle, after all the kindness—"

"Poh! it's not any uncommon task I wish you to undertake. It is only to marry a wife and to raise a family. You may imitate me in everything but in being an idler, and an old bachelor."

"Why, everybody thinks you, sir, the happiest,

most independent, most contented old bachelor in the world. Quite an enviable person."

"I am not at all to be envied, Julius. As to being happy,—that's all a sham. I have never been contented since they called me an old bachelor. No, no,—you must have a wife. I have picked one out for you."

"Indeed! pray who is she, uncle?"

"One of the loveliest girls in the city,—your cousin Henrietta Attwood."

"Etty Attwood! the pretty little second-cousin who used to come sometimes to visit us when I was a boy! I remember her well;—the most beautiful, sweetest tempered child in the world; with bright brown eyes, and flaxen ringlets curling over her shoulders and down to her waist! if she is as charming a woman as she was a child, I have not the shadow of an objection. I used to call her my little wife then, and the first poetry I ever perpetrated, was some stanzas addressed to her on her birthday."

"Yes, she has shown them to me more than once; she remembers you as well as you do her, and often inquires of me about her cousin and old playfellow, Julius Rockwell."

"But do you think she would have me, uncle?"

"Why shouldn't she?—you are plaguy good-looking,—you know that well enough,—very much like what I was at your age; you have sense plenty,—that is, if you are not a degenerate shoot of your family; if you have not, you must acquire it; you have formed no bad habits, I hope;—if you have, I must cane them out of you. And Etty will do whatever I bid her,—I know she will. She is aware that I was looking for you, and will expect you to call to see her immediately."

"I shall be delighted to do so; can you take me this evening, uncle? But how does it happen that she is in the city. Her parents, I believe, reside in the country still."

"She is with her aunt, Mrs. Attwood, a rich widow, who having married off all her own daughters, has begged a share of her time for the sake of her company. She is very much of a belle, but if you manage properly, you and she will make a match of it in less than six months, or my name is not Herman Holcroft. You must then live with me. I begin to feel lonesome as I grow old, and, you perceive, I have house-room for twenty more."

"My dear uncle, you are too kind!"

"Stop a moment! remember it is only on condition you bring Etty with you; I don't know that I would like any one else. So I will go with you, and introduce you to-night. I was afraid you would have to wait to be provided with a new suit, but am agreeably disappointed. You look not only genteel but fashionable. Your country tailors must be on the march of improvement."

"Oh! since steam-engines are so abundant, no one need be behind the fashions, unless he chooses;—but, uncle,—look here, quick!—Ah! she has gone around that corner!"

"Who?—what is it?" asked the old bachelor, hastily rising from his superb, damask covered rocking-chair, to approach the window.

"A young lady,—the loveliest, brightest—"

"Pho!" returned Mr. Holcroft, sinking again into his cushions with a look of disappointment; "why I see thousands of lovely, bright-looking girls passing here every day, and so it has been for the last twenty years. That, I suppose, is one reason why I have not married. I never could get one pretty face fixed in my heart, before a hundred others presented themselves to drive it away."

The windows of the apartment, in which the gentlemen sat, opened upon one of the most noted thoroughfares on this side of the Atlantic, which at that hour, was crowded by an unusually brilliant throng of the fair and the gay, called out by the bright sunshine of a clear December afternoon, to exhibit, each, her new assortment of winter finery. During the foregoing dialogue, young Rockwell had not been so much occupied as to be unable to throw an occasional glance into the street, and the one which preceded his exclamation, had been met by a pair of radiant eyes, with an expression so cordial and familiar, that he was quite startled,—and the more easily, that they belonged to one of the most beautiful faces and one of the richest costumes that he had noticed on the crowded pavé. "I could never have seen her before,—no, I never did,"—said he to himself, and the passage of Moore so generally known to the sentimental and romantic youths, who sigh in our language, came into his mind:—

"As if his soul that moment caught  
An image it through life had sought;  
As if the very lips and eyes,  
Predestined to have all his sighs,  
And never be forgot again,  
Sparkled and smiled before him then."

"That is a favorite excuse with you old bachelors," said he, at length, remembering that a reply might be expected to his uncle's last observation; "but this young lady,—*such* a face could not be easily driven away! I wonder who she can be?—perhaps you know her,—she is evidently one of your *élite*, but I can't describe her; one thing I noticed, however, she had on a blue velvet,—what is the name of those new articles?—neither a cloak nor a shawl;—you understand what I mean, uncle."

"A mantilla, you blockhead!" replied the old bachelor, consequentially, as if proud of being so far read in women's gear.

"Yes, a mantilla,—a blue velvet mantilla, worked in yellow figures."

"Embroidered in gold color, or straw, or canary, or lemon, the ladies say," returned Mr. Holcroft, in a tone of correction; "there are plenty of blue velvet mantillas, and how am I to know which you mean?"

Julius admitted that it might be rather difficult, and looked out of the window with renewed interest, while his uncle kept up a rambling discourse which required no reply. In a few moments the blue mantilla again appeared, another witching glance was thrown upon him, and snatching up his hat, without a word of explanation or excuse, he darted from the room. Immediately after, a fine looking young man entered, and was saluted by the name of Elkinton, by Mr. Holcroft, who sat wondering at his nephew's sudden disappearance.

"Has Rockwell arrived, Mr. Holcroft?" asked the visiter.

"Yes,—did you not meet him at the door?—he reached this an hour or two ago, and has just bolted out as if life and death depended on his speed. I suppose he saw something wonderful in the street. These rustics, when they come to town, are always on the stare for novelties. A fire-bell startles them as much as an earthquake would us. But won't you sit down?—he will be back again in a few minutes, no doubt."

"Thank you, I have not time to wait. I merely called in to see if he had come. Perhaps I may find him in the street."

Meanwhile Julius was eagerly tracing the fair unknown, and unpractised as he was in threading the mazes of a city crowd, he found little difficulty in gaining upon the light, quick step he followed. But at length, as he joyfully held, his good genius befriended him. She was stopped by a distinguished looking girl, whose tall figure, dark eyes, and black hair, contrasted strongly with her own rather *petite* proportions, hazel eyes and ringlets of light brown. He came up in time to hear the lady of his pursuit say to the other, "I half expect visitors this evening, but should they not call, I shall go certainly. I believe it is the Vandenholffs' benefit, and, no doubt, a treat may be looked for."

Just then a carriage drew up to the curbstone, and an elderly lady called from it, "I have half a notion to make you both walk home;—I have been driving up and down street for an hour, expecting to meet you. Get in,—quick!"

The steps were let down, and the black-eyed damsel was handed in. Her companion was about to follow, when, glancing over her shoulder, she beheld our hero. She paused, half-smiled, blushed, and springing into the carriage, was driven off, and out of sight in a moment, while Julius stood transfixed where she left him. He was aroused by a hand laid on his arm, and turning, he exclaimed, somewhat abashed at being found in a position so equivocal, "Is it possible, Elkinton?"

"My dear Rockwell! I am rejoiced to see you! I

almost passed without recognising you; I could scarcely have expected to meet you, fresh from the country, standing in a brown study, in the most crowded square of the city!"

The two young men had been classmates at college, and though a regular correspondence had not been kept up between them, they were always the warmest of friends whenever they chanced to meet. They turned to walk together towards Mr. Holcroft's.

"Pray, Elkinton, do you know any lady who wears a blue velvet mantilla?" asked Julius as soon as politeness allowed him to introduce an extrinsic subject.

"Very probably I may, but I never recollect ladies by their dress, as I seldom pay the slightest attention to it. What sort of a lady do you mean?"

"A young, very beautiful one, with bright complexion, clear hazel eyes and sunny tresses."

"I know several such,—you may see plenty of them passing any hour; but what about her?"

"Oh, nothing! only I saw her in the street and was struck with her appearance."

"Pshaw! you will be struck ten times a minute if you are on the look-out for beauty. For my part, I have given up looking at the ladies in general."

"Then it must be because you are engrossed by one in particular."

"Right, and I'll introduce you to her for old acquaintance sake. Don't you remember our standing argument, that neither of us would marry without a communication to, and a consultation with, the other?"

"Of course," replied Julius abstractedly; "I must try to find out who she is."

"You shall know all about her, my Julius, and become acquainted with her, as soon as you are at leisure, I should like to have your impression of my choice," returned Elkinton cordially; of course alluding to his own lady love; "but I have not time to talk longer, just now. I'll call to see you in the morning."

"Stay, at which house are the Vandenhoffs to perform to-night?" asked Julius, detaining him.

Elkinton named the theatre and hurried away.

On returning to his uncle, there being visitors present, no questions were asked about his absence, and when they were again alone, the old gentleman desired him to have himself in readiness to call on his cousin, Miss Attwood, after tea. With some hesitation, he excused himself. "Perhaps you would like to go to see the Vandenhoffs, as this is their last night," said Mr. Holcroft, presuming that to be his objection; "if so, by going early to visit Etty, we may have a chance to take her along, if she is not engaged. You need not mind being out of etiquette, as I shall propose it myself."

Still Julius demurred about the visit, and added, "It was my intention to go to the theatre, but I should prefer going alone."

"Going alone!" repeated the old gentleman, looking at him scrutinizingly; "that is altogether wrong, Julius. A young man should not, if possible, appear

at a place of amusement, which ladies are sanctioned to attend, without having one along. They are a protection from improper associations, and add greatly to the respectability of one's appearance. On the present occasion, your attendance on Henrietta Attwood will establish your standing in society at once. She is certainly one of the most admired girls in the city."

"No doubt of it, uncle; but for my part I never admired dumpy girls."

"Dumpy girls?—what do you intimate by that, sir? why Etty has one of the most perfect figures I ever saw! she is a very sylph."

"Indeed! when she was a child, she was very short and fat. At any rate, she must have white hair,—she formerly had,—and I have no great partiality for 'lint white locks.'"

"White hair! what the plague has got into the fellow? she has no such thing. An hour or two ago you were all anxiety that I should take you to see her, and you seem ready to decline going altogether."

"Excuse me, uncle, but really I don't feel in the humor for ladies' society this evening."

"Oh, very well, sir; consult your own pleasure," replied the old bachelor in a tone of pique, and took his tea in silence.

Julius noticed it, but though sorry to displease him, was ashamed to confess his motive for wishing to go alone, and, after a few minutes of constraint, in the drawing-room, he set off for the theatre.

He arrived early, and selecting a place which commanded a view of the whole house, he kept his eyes in constant motion from door to door, with the purpose of scanning every group that entered, a feat not easy to accomplish, as an unusual number were thronging the house. At length, a round of applause, on the rising of the curtain, distracted his attention, for a moment, and on again turning round, he beheld in a box near him, the identical blue velvet mantilla, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, and the tall brunette. The best acting of the season was all lost upon him, the one object alone chaining his eyes and his thoughts. She, too, evidently perceived him, while surveying the audience. At the end of the first act, and several times afterward, she met his gaze with conscious blushes, and an apparent effort to repress a smile. He also fancied that some communication on the subject passed between her and her companions.

The play at length was over, and the party rose to go. Julius pushed through the crowd until he found himself beside them. In the press, the mantilla became unfastened, and, unperceived, by its owner, a gentleman set his foot upon it. "The lady's mantilla, sir!" said our hero, eagerly catching it up. She nodded her thanks with looks half downcast, and confusedly taking it from his hand, wrapped it around her and, in a few minutes, they had reached the door. The old gentleman handed his fair charges into a carriage in waiting, and, saying that he would walk, ordered the servant to drive on.

"Have a hack, sir?" asked a coachman.

"Yes,—follow that carriage," replied Julius, and springing in, was driven into one of the most fashionable streets of the city. The carriage stopped before one of the handsomest houses in it, and he saw the ladies alight and enter the door. Then discharging his coach, he reconnoitered the house and square, to know them again, and congratulating himself on his discovery, he returned to his uncle's.

Mr. Holcroft had recovered, in some degree, from his displeasure against the morning, and with a return of his usual manner, he questioned his nephew upon the quality of the past night's entertainment.

"I can hardly tell, sir; that is,—I believe it was good, sir;" answered he with some incoherence.

"Why, my good fellow, I hope you are not so green as not to know whether a theatrical performance was good or the contrary!" said the old bachelor, staring at him, whereupon the young gentleman felt himself necessitated to be somewhat less abstracted.

After breakfast he took up his hat with unexpressed intention to visit the scene of his discovery, and half formed hopes, and his uncle, having observed that in a stroll through the city he might see some books, or other such matters, which he would like to possess, kindly proffered him funds to purchase them.

Julius thanked him, and answered that he was provided with a sum, naming it, amply sufficient for the expenses of the three or four weeks he had proposed for the length of his visit.

"Don't forget to be back again at twelve," said Mr. Holcroft; "against that time I shall want you to go with me to see your cousin Etty."

"Hang my cousin Etty!" thought Julius, but he said nothing, and, with a bow, he departed. On reaching the place where his thoughts had been all the morning, he examined the door, but could find no name, nor could he see a child or a servant within half a square, of whom he might have obtained information. But, crossing the street in his disappointment, he noticed on the first house before him, a large brass door-plate, inscribed "BOARDING," and actuated by the first suggestion of his fancy, he rang the bell, and inquired if he could obtain lodgings for a short time.

"My rooms are all taken, sir,—that is, all the best apartments," replied the mistress of the mansion, presuming, from his appearance, that none but good accommodations would answer.

Julius paused a moment, but having gone so far, he concluded not to draw back. "I would be willing to put up with an inferior one, provided it is in the front of the house," said he.

"The small room, in the third story, over the entrance, is vacant," said the lady, hesitating to offer it.

"I'll take it, madam," he returned, and without farther question or examination, he hastened to have his baggage brought. This he executed without the knowledge of his uncle, the old gentleman having rode out after breakfast.

He felt half ashamed of his precipitancy, when he

saw his trunks deposited in a chamber, so filled up by a narrow bed, a washstand and a single chair, that there was hardly space enough for them, but on approaching the window, he beheld the blue mantilla descending from the steps of the house opposite, and he regarded himself as fully compensated for the sacrifice.

"Who lives in the house immediately across the way?" asked he of the servant who was arranging the room.

"Mr. Lawrenson, sir,—that gentleman coming out." It was the old gentleman of the theatre.

"There are a couple of young ladies in the house, are there not?"

"Only one, sir, that I know of,—a great belle among the quality. The gentlemen call her the *beautiful* Miss Lawrenson."

Julius was satisfied. He knew the family by reputation, and to have attracted the attention, and commenced a flirtation of the eyes with a beauty so distinguished, he felt was an adventure to be pursued without respect to little inconveniences. He was strengthened in this sentiment by some of the gentlemen at the dinner-table stating, that one of the most prominent ornaments of the dress circle, at the theatre, the night before, was the beautiful Charlotte Lawrenson.

After dinner he watched long for the return of his fair neighbor, an occupation not the most comfortable, as there was no chimney in the room, and therefore no possibility of his having a fire; but she did not again appear, and recollecting that his uncle ought to be informed of his change of quarters, he proceeded to fulfil that duty. On his way he had some misgiving that the old gentleman would not receive his appraisal on the best of terms, and he was projecting some plausible excuse to satisfy him, when the result of his ingenuity was annihilated by his encountering, face to face, the lady of his thoughts,—his heart, as he believed. The same half-smile met him,—there might have been observed an additional expression of familiarity;—the same blush, and he would have turned to follow her again, but his sense of propriety had not so far left him, as to admit of the repetition,—particularly as there was no object to be gained by it. So, satisfied that from his close vicinity, he could have an opportunity of seeing her daily, and of taking advantage of any favorable accident for a better acquaintance, he entered the drawing-room of the old bachelor, who received him with an exclamation of "Where upon earth have you been all this day, Julius?"

"At my lodgings, sir," replied the youth, having come to the conclusion that it would be best to treat his desertion in the most matter of course way possible.

"Your lodgings!" repeated Mr. Holcroft, in astonishment.

"Yes, uncle; as I don't like to trouble my friends more than I can help, I decided upon taking boarding, and your absence, when I came to remove my baggage, prevented my informing you of it."

"What, after I had proposed your taking up your

residence in my house, not only during your visit, but during my life time! I need a better excuse than that. Where have you gone?"

Julius named the place.

"One of the most expensive establishments in the city, and one frequented by dandies, *roués*, and *bon vivants*,—the very worst sort of society for a young man, who aspires to attaining eminence in one of the learned professions. You might, at least, have consulted me about a place proper for you, even though you had decided upon mortifying me by leaving my house. How long have you engaged to stay?"

"Only a week or two, uncle," replied Julius, devoutly hoping that no questions would be asked, which would compel him to confess that he had ensconced himself in the worst apartment in the house.

"I waited dinner for you an hour, after having expected you for two or three to go with me to visit your cousin Etty. However, you can stay to tea, and go with me in the evening."

"Excuse me, dear sir,—I have a particular reason for declining."

"What! again?—how do you intend to dispose of yourself?"

"I—I shall stay in my own room, I believe, uncle."

"You vex and surprise me more and more, Julius. Independent of my earnest desire that you should see your cousin, your duty as a gentleman and as a relative requires that you should make her a visit, and the sooner it is done, the more it will be to your credit."

"The young lady in question being only my second-cousin, I cannot perceive that there is any duty connected with the matter. Second-cousins, except in cases of convenience, are seldom regarded as relatives at all."

"Whew! I presume that, after all that, I need not be surprised if you should propose to dissolve the connection between me and yourself! I, a queer, plain, old fellow, will hardly be likely to remain an *acknowledged* kinsman of one who declines the relationship of one of the loveliest girls that ever the sun shone upon!"

"My dear uncle, I meant no disrespect towards Miss Attwood, much less to you, but really, I have something to attend to, that will debar me from the pleasure of fulfilling your wishes, to-night. I will see you again in the morning. Good evening."

"I must keep a sharp watch on that youngster," said the old bachelor to himself; "he can't have formed an attachment at home, for he appeared delighted, at first, with my proposition for his settlement. As to his leaving my house, it strikes me that it was done for the purpose of escaping my *surveillance*. I must be careful as to what sort of habits he has formed, before I decide on carrying out my plans. I must go to see Etty this evening myself, and as she will expect some excuse for his not calling, I can tell her that he is diffident,—not used to ladies' society, or something that way. She has not been here for several days, I presume on his account; so I'll tell her that he has taken boarding at Mrs.

W—'s. I have no notion of being cheated out of my only lady visiter by the ungrateful scamp." And the old gentleman carried his resolve into execution.

Julius had really told the truth in saying that he intended to remain at home that evening, but he would not for any thing in the world,—except, indeed, the heart under the blue velvet mantilla,—have acknowledged his reason for so doing. The fact was, he had concluded that no time was to be lost in pursuing his advantage, and that, as he had been the poet of his class at college, he might be inspired, if in solitude, to produce a metrical accompaniment for some pretty *gaze d'amour*, to be sent the next morning. His muse not unpropitious, but cabin'd, confined, in his fireless dormitory, his ardour would, no doubt, have abated, had he not, by an occasional glance out of the window, been reminded, by the blue sky and its golden embroidery of stars, of the azure mantilla. Thus refreshed, whenever he found himself flagging, he completed his performance to his full satisfaction, and after copying it on paper perfumed and gilt,—with his washstand for a writing table,—he retired to dream the night into day.

In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, he set off in quest of his intended gift, and seeing the gorgeous display of exotics, in the window of a celebrated florist, he stopped and selected flowers for a bouquet, the richest and rarest, without regard to cost, and ordering them to be sent immediately to his lodgings, he hastened to meet them there. He was stopped, however, in his course by his friend Elkinton.

"I am glad at the accident of meeting you," said the latter; "I called last evening and this morning at Mr. Holcroft's in expectation of your coming in,—the servants having told me yesterday that you had changed your residence. Where do you lodge?—your uncle was not at home, and, consequently, I did not ascertain."

Julius evaded an answer, afraid of exposing to any acquaintance how comfortless a place he had deposited himself in, and though they had now nearly reached it, he walked off in a contrary direction to avoid suspicion, talking all the while with much more animation than he would have been likely to do in his present state of feeling, if there had not been a strong motive to prompt him.

"Have you any engagement for this evening?" asked Elkinton; "if not, I will take you to see my *fiancée*, as I promised you the other day. I really wish to have your congratulations on my selection. All the fellows of my acquaintance regard me with envy;—you need not smile,—I say it without vanity or boasting."

Julius declined without offering an excuse.

"When will you go then?" persisted the intruder.

"I don't know,—in truth I go very little into ladies' society at present," replied Rockwell, with an air of *nonchalance*.

That his friend should be totally indifferent towards his mistress, is little less unpardonable to a lover, than that he should attempt to rival him in her affections; accordingly Elkinton, after replying coolly,



"very well, I hold you to no appointment," bowed stiffly, and walked away.

Not giving his friend's change of deportment a thought, Julius hastened to his room, where the flowers had arrived before him, and folded his poetical billet-doux to send with them. How to direct it was the next question, and determining that it would be disrespectful, without his having an introduction, to address it to "Miss Lawrenson," he substituted, in place of her name, to "The Blue Velvet Mantilla." He then rang the bell, and giving the waiter who appeared, a liberal *douceur* to carry it across the street, and leave it for Miss Lawrenson, with the bouquet, he watched at the window until he saw it delivered to a servant at the door.

The other boarders having left the parlors, he took possession of one of the front windows with a newspaper in his hand, and watched every movement across the way. In a short time the tall brunette emerged from the doorway, but her companion of the sunny ringlets did not appear. After dinner she really did present herself,—he was on the watch again;—and he noticed that, before she reached the steps, she glanced across with apparent curiosity, from which he conjectured that she had discovered, by means of the servant, whence the offering had come. And then, when she turned to look again, after she had pulled the bell, he was confident that she recognised his figure at the window. Towards evening he tore himself from his loadstone long enough to saunter out with the object of paying his respects to his uncle, but the old gentleman not being in the house, he did not enter, and returning to his room, he busied himself, as the evening before, in writing verses for a future occasion.

Thus ended one day of folly, and the next was spent in a similar manner, except that he sent a costly English annual, as his second tribute, and, to his surprise and ecstasy, received, in return, by his messenger, a geranium leaf, enclosed in a sheet of rose-colored note-paper, in which was inscribed, in a dainty female hand, the single line,—“From the Blue Velvet Mantilla.”

The third day, he sent a present equally elegant, and employed some of the most skilful members of a famous band to discourse their most elegant music under her window in the night, and he felt not a little flattered, secretly, to hear some of the boarders pronounce it the most delightful serenade ever heard, even in the neighborhood of Miss Lawrenson. But it would be tedious to follow him in his extravagances. He dispensed his flowers, and books, and music, and tasteful *bijoux* as prodigally as if he had possessed the purse of a Fortunio, until better than a week had passed. During this time he forced himself to call daily on his uncle, and daily declined a visit to his cousin, until the old gentleman, deeply offended, ceased to invite him to his house, and he for the same reason, ceased to go. Elkinton, too, met him once or twice, and, in remembrance of his want of courtesy, passed him with merely a nod, but what was all that, in comparison with the compensation he received from the lady of the mantilla?—sundry

glances and blushes, when he chanced to meet her on the street; a wave of her scarf across the window, which could not have been accidental; and above all, two several notes, containing, each, familiar quotations, in her own delicate hand, as answers to some of his impassioned rhapsodies. A new incident, however, brought him somewhat to his senses.

One morning his messenger, on returning, presented him with a note, markedly different, from its bold penmanship, to the others, and on opening it, he read to the following effect.—

“The person, who, for a week past, has been so liberal of his favors to Miss C—— L——, is requested to call this afternoon, three o'clock, at No. 26, — Hotel, and explain his conduct to one possessed of a right to demand it. Should he not comply, it will be presumed that he is unworthy of being treated as a gentleman, and he shall be dealt with accordingly.”

“From whom did you receive this?” asked he of the servant.

“From Mr. Lawrenson's footman, sir, who always receives my messages; he said it was given to him by a gentleman who ordered him not to tell his name.”

“Very well; that is sufficient,” said Julius, with considerably more self-possession than if it had contained another quotation or geranium leaf.

What explanation should he make?—was he to meet a father, or a brother? whom? or, what? was he to be called upon to apologize, or to fight? or what was to be done? He could settle none of these questions to his satisfaction, and so he concluded to remain as unconcerned as possible, and be guided by the relative position and deportment of his challenger.

The appointed hour came, and found our hero at the house designated. He asked to be shown to No. 26, and, on rapping at the door, to his surprise, it was opened by Elkinton. The latter, also, looked surprised, but presuming that he had called to atone for his former unfriendliness, he invited him in, and seated him, with much cordiality. Julius looked around, and perceiving no other person in the room, took the letter from his pocket, and remarked—“There must be some mistake here. To confess the truth, Elkinton, I did not expect to find myself in your apartment. This note directed me to number 26, but it must be a mistake of the pew. However, as I am here, I would be very glad of your advice as a friend. Read this.”

Elkinton glanced at the note, and, with a heightened color, returned, “There must, indeed, be some mistake. I am the writer of this, but you, certainly, cannot be the person for whom it was intended.”

Julius started, but commanded himself to reply coolly,—“Judging from its import, it undoubtedly was destined for my hands.”

Elkinton paced the room once or twice, and then, seating himself beside his visiter, remarked, “This is a delicate affair, Julius, but, as old friends, let us talk it over quietly. That there may be no misunderstanding, let us be certain that we both interpret these initials alike.”

"I presumed them to be those of Miss Lawrenson, —Charlotte Lawrenson," answered Julius.

"She, indeed, is the person meant, and to prove to you my right to interfere in this matter, she is the lady to whom I am engaged, of which I informed you,—who is affianced to be my wife in a few months."

Julius sprang to his feet, and turned pale as marble. To be thus flirted and betrayed!

"Now," pursued Elkinton, earnestly, "you will understand why I should have felt indignant at any one presuming to make such advances, as you have done, towards the lady in question, and you will not be surprised if I ask by what you were encouraged to persist in them, so assiduously."

"By the lady's own conduct," said Julius, with his usual impetuosity; "by her accepting my presents, which were invariably accompanied by expressions of admiration,—nay, of passion; by her noticing those expressions with answers, which, if not explicitly favorable, could not have been construed otherwise, as they were not reprobatory; by tokens of personal recognition from her house, and by conscious, and not discouraging looks, whenever we met in the street."

"Stay, Julius! these are serious charges, and such as no man could patiently listen to of his affianced wife. Your presents I know she received, for from her jestingly showing them to me, and pointing out the house from which they came, I was led to write the note in your hand, of which she is aware; but that a girl of Charlotte Lawrenson's dignity of character would answer love-letters from an entire stranger, and exchange coquettish glances with him in the streets, is more than I can credit."

"That is language, Elkinton, that I cannot and will not submit to," retorted Julius angrily; "if you must have proofs farther than the word of a man of honor, take these!" and he drew the notes from his bosom, where, in the most approved fashion of lovers, he had kept them secured day and night.

Elkinton snatched them, and after a scrutinizing examination replied, "I can say, almost positively, that not a word here is in her handwriting."

"No doubt, you find it very satisfactory to feel thus assured," said Julius, with a sarcastic smile.

"To save further dispute, by which neither of us can be convinced," returned Elkinton, endeavoring to be more composed, "I will go directly to Miss Lawrenson, and ask an explanation from her, without which, I at least, cannot feel satisfied. If you shall be at leisure, I will call on you, or, if you prefer it, shall expect you here at eight this evening."

For particular reasons, unnecessary to specify, Julius chose the latter, and Elkinton, escorting him out with cold politeness, proceeded, in much perturbation, to the mansion of Mr. Lawrenson.

Our hero was punctual to his appointment in the evening, and found Elkinton impatiently awaiting him. "I have laid your representations before Miss Lawrenson," and, for your sake, am sorry that she disclaims their veracity. Though she again acknowledges having your presents in her possession, she

denies having answered your notes, or even having opened them; denies ever having given you a mark of recognition, and denies that, to her knowledge, she ever saw you in the street."

Julius stood aghast. To have the truth so pointedly disowned, to have his word so plainly doubted, it was not to be borne. "Her retaining my love-tokens, I think, might be sufficient evidence to you that all is not exactly as you would desire," he replied indignantly, "a woman who encourages the advances of a total stranger, in everything but words, while betrothed to another, and then, to preserve his favor, denies the whole course of her conduct, is unworthy the notice of any man who calls himself a gentleman."

"One thing can yet be done," said Elkinton, repressing a furious answer; "let me have those notes; and, through them, Miss Lawrenson may probably be enabled to discover by whom they were produced. If that cannot be done, I shall hold you responsible for gross misrepresentations of her character;" and he strode out, leaving his rival in possession of his room.

Matters now wore a serious aspect. Should the lady make no confession, a challenge would be the consequence, and even should she vouchsafe to explain, it would be to make him a laughing stock by proving him quizzed, coquetted and jilted. If the first were to occur, it behoved him to prepare to leave the world; if the latter, at least to leave the city. And on his way homeward, he decided to put his affairs in order. He remembered that his landlady had sent in her bill that morning, requiring money for a pressing engagement, and that, having pretty well exhausted his funds in his expensive outlays for his fair enchantress, he had concluded to apply to his uncle for means to discharge it. Accordingly he stopped to inquire for him, but not finding him at home, he left on his secretaire a note, requesting the loan of the sum he required, and saying he would call for it in the morning. He then retired to his lodgings in such a state of excitement as it had not been his lot before to experience.

In the morning, when completing his toilet, for breakfast, he heard the sound of a stick and an unusually heavy step on the stairs, and after a loud rap on the door, Mr. Holcroft, to his great surprise, presented himself.

"So," said the old bachelor, seating himself on the side of the bed, the only chair being occupied by Julius' collar and cravat, and looking around in astonishment, "a pretty exchange you have made, young gentleman, for the pleasant apartments to which I welcomed you on your arrival!"

Julius saw that his ire was aroused, but unable to conjecture why, and somewhat abashed at the shabbiness of his surroundings, he could only stammer something about having found it impossible to obtain the accommodation of a better room.

"And what are your reasons, young man, for submitting to such discomforts and inconveniences?—You need not take the trouble to fabricate an answer. Your last night's demand for money has given me a

full insight into your character and pursuits, and I have come to assert my tacit right as your mother's brother, and your nearest living relation, to use the power of a guardian, and remove you from scenes in which you are in a fair way to prove a disgrace to me and to the memory of your parents. On your arrival in the city, I laid before you my plans for your future benefit,—that you should make your home with me as my son, and my prospective heir, an offer which almost any young man would have considered extraordinary good fortune,—and suggested to you an alliance which, I felt confident, would secure your happiness. I was not such an old block-head to expect you to marry your cousin without your own conviction that she would suit you, but merely named her to you as a woman who, to any reasonable man, would be a treasure, such as, I fear, you will never deserve to possess. Then, instead of calling on your cousin, as I requested, if only through civility to me,—you displayed a churlish indifference to female society, which young men of good principles and education seldom feel, and to escape from the watch and control which you supposed I would keep on your movements,—you clandestinely left my house. To be sure, you did make a show of respect, by coming occasionally to see me, but your abstracted manner, and entire silence as to your engagements and mode of spending the time, confirmed my suspicions that your amusements were such as you were ashamed to confess them to be. On one occasion, however, you committed yourself,—in naming the amount of funds you had brought with you,—quite sufficient for any young man of good habits for a month, situated as you are; and now, though I am perfectly willing to give you the sum you require, and as much in addition, as will take you away from temptation as far as you may choose to go, I demand in return, to know how your own has been spent."

Hurt, mortified and vexed at suspicions so unjust and injurious, Julius did not attempt to interrupt him, and against he concluded, had made up his mind to confess the whole truth, which he did, circumstantially and minutely.

"Can it be possible that my sister's son should have made such a fool of himself?" exclaimed the old gentleman, raising his hands in amazement, "that you should have given up the comforts of my house, and the pleasures of the agreeable society you would have met there, for this inconvenient dungeon in a boarding-house; squandered your money like a tragedy hero, and put yourself into a situation to shoot, or to be shot by, one of your best friends, all for the sake of a girl who was silly and impudent enough to cast a few coquettish glances at you in the street! truly! truly!—however, it is not quite so bad as I apprehended, certainly less unpardonable that you should play the idiot than to have turned out a gambler or *roué*, as I suspected. But just see how easily all this might have been avoided!—merely by your going with me to see your cousin, and falling in love with her, and thus putting yourself out of danger of becoming entangled in the snares of another. It is a lucky thing for you, my gentle Romeo, that we came

to an understanding so soon, for I had made up my mind, partly, to marry Mrs. Attwood, the widow, right off, and as Etty would have been a sort of niece, to make her my heiress. What d'ye think of that? But there's your breakfast bell, and my carriage is waiting for me. Go down, and in half an hour I will call and take you home with me. In the meantime I will see Elkinton, and try if the matter can't be settled without pistols."

At the end of the half-hour Mr. Holcroft returned, and apprising Julius that he had made an appointment with Elkinton to meet him at eleven, he took him away, talking all the time with much spirit, evidently to engage and amuse the thoughts of the chagrined and disappointed lover. This seemed to have little effect, when, thinking of another expedient, he ordered his coachman to stop at the rooms of an eminent painter, where, he stated to Julius, he was getting some pictures executed, which he would like him to examine. He would take no refusal, and the young gentleman was obliged to alight and accompany him into the gallery. When they had reached it, he found no difficulty in recognizing the first piece pointed out to him as the portrait of his uncle himself, and after giving it the appropriate measure of approbation, he strolled away, on seeing the artist approach. With occasionally a cursory glance at them, he walked in front of a row of ladies and gentlemen, who smiled upon him from the canvass in a manner that, to his moodiness, appeared quite tantalizing, and, at length, an exclamation from him drew Mr. Holcroft to his side, who found him gazing pale and breathless upon a picture, the very counterpart, even to the blue velvet mantilla, of the one in his heart.

"Why, what's the matter?—whom do you recognize there?" asked the old bachelor.

"She,—herself,—the fair cause of my late—insanity;" answered he, with an unsuccessful effort to return the smile.

"Who?—that?—the original of that! Whew! ha! ha!" exclaimed the old gentleman with a stare and then a boisterous laugh; "and is it she, that you have allowed to put you on the road to Bedlam!—a dumpy little thing like that! ha! ha! But I see that I have frustrated my own intention, in bringing you here to compose you. Don't stand there in such an attitude, and looking so wo-begone, or Mr. — will make a caricature of you; he has his keen eye fixed on you now, come along!" and Julius followed unwillingly down stairs, his uncle laughing all the way in a manner that was excessively provoking.

In a few minutes they had reached home. "I'll not get out," said the old bachelor, "just go in and amuse yourself, until I return, which will be shortly. Be sure that you wait for me, as I wish to be present at your interview with Elkinton."

Julius did as he was requested, and in due time his uncle returned. "Come now," said he, "I have no doubt that the young lady will make a confession, and that you will escape with your character untarnished except by folly. Then after we have got over our business with Elkinton, if it should be settled

amicably, we will go to see your cousin Henrietta."

"My dear uncle! I beseech you do not propose my going to visit a lady, in my present frame of mind! I really should disgrace both myself and you. Make my excuses to Etty, and when I have returned to the city, after I shall have banished the remembrance of my disappointment by a few months in the country, I will endeavour to do everything that is proper."

"I forgot to tell you," said Mr. Holcroft, "that we are not to meet Elkinton at his lodgings, but in a private house; an arrangement made, I suspect, that Miss Lawrenson might be present, to make an explanation of her conduct. Here is the place, now."

Julius started, but the carriage stopped, and he followed his uncle in silence. They were ushered into an elegant drawing-room, and on an ottoman, in full view of the door, sat the blue velvet mantilla.—She bowed to Mr. Holcroft, and looked at Julius, as if quite prepared to confront him. The sight of her convinced him that he was not yet cured of his passion, but before he had had any time to betray it, his uncle took him by the arm, and said as he drew him forward, "Allow me, Julius, to present you to your cousin Henrietta Attwood."

"The most unnecessary thing in the world, Mr. Holcroft," returned the lady rising, "as I would have known my cousin Julius anywhere. He, however, I presume, would not have found it so easy to recognize me!" and looking into his face with a merry, ringing laugh, she approached him, and held out her hand.

Confounded by the many emotions that crowded upon him, Julius stood speechless, and almost afraid to touch it, when her laugh was echoed from the adjoining room and Elkinton appeared, accompanied by the dark-eyed damsel, whom our hero had seen as the companion of his cousin, and introduced her as Miss Lawrenson.

"My dear Rockwell," said he, heartily grasping Julius' hand, "I am delighted to meet you again as one of the most valued of my friends. We have good reason to congratulate each other that we did not fall victims to a stratagem, planned by these cruel nymphs, as cunning as ever was devised by Circe of old."

"Stop, stop, Elkinton!" interrupted the old bachelor, "as the merit of the *dénouement* is mine, I think I am entitled to make a speech to Julius."

"Not now, not here, before us! dear Mr. Holcroft!" exclaimed both the girls laughing and blushing, but as he showed signs of proceeding, they ran away, and left the gentlemen by themselves.

According to Mr. Holcroft's explanation, Henrietta had recognized her cousin on the day of his arrival, which fully accounted for her pleasant glances; and from his following her in the street, approaching her at the theatre, and tracing her to Mr. Lawrenson's, which that gentleman had observed, she presumed that she was equally known to him, and, of course, wondered that he did not avail himself of the easier method of renewing their acquaintance by means of his uncle. But on discovering, from Mr. Holcroft's representations, that she was mistaken, learning his change of residence, and receiving through Miss Lawrenson, his verses, in which she recognized his

hand, she was struck with a clearer perception of the case, and she determined to engage in the flirtation, and pursue it until he should make her a visit, as a relation, and then have a laugh at his expense. Miss Lawrenson, in return for assisting her, by receiving his communications, claimed the privilege of having some amusement of her own out of the adventure, and to effect this, she made use of his beautiful gifts to excite the jealousy of Elkinton; they both, however, discovered that they had carried the game too far, and alarmed at the turn it had taken, had sent for Elkinton, an hour or two before, from Mrs. Attwood's, and made a full confession. There Mr. Holcroft had found him, when he called to inform Etty of his discovery in the picture-room, and of his nephew's difficulties, and there the grand finale was projected.

"It must have been my indistinct and unconscious recollection of my old play-fellow, after all," said Julius, "which so attracted me, and it was her getting out of the carriage at Mr. Lawrenson's and being there so often, which brought you into the drama, Elkinton."

"Yes, she is to be our bridesmaid, and, no doubt, she and Charlotte have a good many little matters to talk over;—that accounts for their being so much together. She stayed over night the time in question."

"Well, well, it is a mercy that in their confabulations they did not set you two blowing each other's brains out; and it would have been no wonder, Julius, if such a catastrophe had happened, to punish you for your disobedience," said the old bachelor, "now, if you had obliged me, like a dutiful nephew, by calling on your cousin, and acted a friend's part towards Elkinton, by going to see his sweetheart, everything would have ended properly without any of this trouble. But it is too often the case that people run after all sorts of shadows, and get themselves into all sorts of scrapes, in their search after happiness, when they could find it at once by quietly attending to their duties at home."

The young ladies returned, and, through delicacy towards them, no allusion was made to the subject just canvassed, but Julius, on returning with his uncle to dinner, declared his intention of offering himself to Etty that very evening, if he should find an opportunity. This the old gentleman expressly forbade, giving him a fortnight as a term of probation; but whether he was obeyed more closely in this than in his former requisitions, was, from certain indications, a matter of doubt.

At the end of the two weeks, there was a friendly contest between Rockwell and Elkinton, as to which must wait to be the groomsmen of the other. It was left to the decision of Mr. Holcroft, who declared in favor of the latter, he having determined to serve in that capacity, towards his nephew himself.

He did so, in the course of a few months, and though Julius has not had time to rise, as his substitute, to the height of the profession, he has carried out the original plan so far as to have furnished the Holcroft mansion with a boy, athletic enough already to ride on his grand uncle's cane, and a girl, so ingenious as to have, occasionally, made a doll's cradle of his rocking chair.

## ORIGINAL ROMANTIC TALES.

## THE CONCEALED LOVER.

(Concluded.)

Long did she sit in silent stupor. Her mind was too much oppressed to act upon the case and analyze the extent of her woe; yet that pain pressed sharply upon her nature with an obscure but keen distress, which threatened almost to drive her to insanity. At last she roused herself: her feelings, overwrought, revolted against the tyranny of that torture. She said to herself, "What has happened to me? Nothing. I loved before: I will love still. My happiness was in loving; nothing can prevent my loving." Banishing the recollection of the reality by a powerful effort, she brought up her feelings to the eminence they had stood upon before; she flung her soul into passion.

She took up the poems again: they recalled vividly her former thoughts and the conversation she had had with him, and she was happy. It seemed as if the effort she made to restore herself to her former frame powerfully increased her love, and urged her to the utterance of it. She drew near to her secretary, and taking a sheet of paper began to express, in the form of a letter to Mr. Levison, the feelings she entertained towards him. The imparting of her emotions gave her relief; she returned to the task, and found that dwelling upon her passion, and turning it over in various lights, was a delicious employment. She covered several pages, and when she stopped she felt as if she could have continued the delightful toil for weeks, and derived from it an abundant satisfaction. Should she send him the letter? She had no such intention at first, but when it was ended she felt that it would be an inexpressible joy to her if he could know how much he was beloved; she thought it was due to the earnestness and purity of her attachment that he who inspired it should be acquainted with it. Accordingly, leaving it unsigned, she folded it up, and at night-fall, putting on an old cloak and bonnet, and drawing her veil closely about her face, this enthusiastic child set out and left it with her own hand at his lodgings. When she returned she felt herself but half-relieved; she was under a powerful excitement that could not rest, but must act; there occurred to her a thousand things which she wished to say better than any thing she had said. It happened that there was an interval of some length, during which she did not meet Mr. Levison, and in that period she despatched to him three or four letters.

At length they met at a small party. When she saw him approaching her she felt herself suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of humiliation, nay, of degradation; she was ready to sink into the earth with shame and self-reproach. She, born so lofty, once so proud, was sunk in hopeless subjection; was lost in hopeless love. When he spoke to her she could not answer him; her face burned with blushes and her senses seemed to melt away. He seemed to note her confusion, yet to affect not to do so, and entering upon an interesting subject of conversation, she gradually recovered her composure sufficiently to attend to him. As he proceeded in his customary strain of lofty and splendid discourse she satisfied herself that it was not love she felt, but admiration of his high powers of intellect. As she returned home she thought that a genius so elevated deserved to receive every tribute of praise that could be rendered to it, and she sat down to write him another letter, only to give him that reward of commendation which his brilliant faculties deserved. That evening, while she sat alone in the drawing-room, with the letter in her basket, Mr. Levison was announced.

His manner was somewhat agitated, and her embarrassment was excessive. He sat down, and after a commonplace compliment or two remained silent. For her life she could not think of any thing to say, yet she felt the silence to be distressingly awkward. He took up a volume which lay upon the table. Determined to say something, yet not knowing what to say, she said, "Will you not read?"

and when the words were out of her lips they seemed so absurd that she would have given any thing to recall them.

He took the question up immediately.

"Are you fond of literature?" said he.

"Very, and especially of poems;" and again, shocked at the indelicacy of the remark, she was still more overpowered with confusion.

"There is a tale of real life," said he, turning over the pages, "which is not without interest. Perhaps you will permit me to introduce it to you?"

"Certainly, with a great deal of pleasure."

He held the book before him and began as follows:

"In the neighborhood of — there dwelt a boy, the son of one who belonged to the middle station of life. From his youth he was endowed with feelings of the finest texture and the most impassioned susceptibility. Under the cope of the blue soft sky, amid the waving woods, and beside the murmuring streams, his spirit developed itself in all the freedom, and depth, and fullness of its power. He delighted to linger beneath the smile of nature, yet not alone. His wanderings had one companion; high-born, more enchanting to his heart than the song of the muses; in the first bloom of girlhood, yet exercising a queen-like sway over his bosom. When he was with her he felt nothing but a pure delight; when absent he thought only of her beauty, for she was as bright, and gentle, and lonely as a seraph. His station was beneath her own; when alone with her that difference was not felt, for her sweetness and her condescension banished it; but when they were in company with others, and she was approached with the higher courtesies which belonged to her rank, he felt his inferiority. As time passed on and their lives drew nearer to the world, that interval was more plainly perceived. His natural pride was wounded; her lie would have approached boldly, for by loving her he was exalted; but his nature revolted from being looked down upon or repelled by her family. He took leave of her, and withdrawing to a distance and encompassing himself with solitude and toils, a tract of years passed on. Yet during all that time her memory was the one cheering, inspiring fire of his life. His being was dedicated, a votive offering, to her. For her were his powers intensely tasked, for her did his lonely studies outwatch the morning star. The hope that urged also comforted his efforts, and the hours as they passed mingled ecstasy with his pains. Touched by the soft hand of his ever-present memory, the fountains of poetry opened within his heart. He sent his productions out into the world; they were admired, and the anonymous author became famous. Every effusion of his muse referred to her, for from her they were all derived. He visited the city where she was. They met in society. The only thought that occupied his inquiry was, 'Did she, could she love him?'"

"Who, where was this?" interrupted Miss Percival.

He laid down the volume and approached her chair. Bending before her, he said—

"You are the lady, and I the lover. Did I not tell you that we had met before? In the story I have related I have not ventured to paint my love. Read it in my life and in my nature. My very being is love for you. Could I but hope—"

Miss Percival sank back in her seat, overpowered with delight and surprise. He—the object of her unbounded passion, the idol of her heart, whom she had despaired of winning—felt for her a love that left her own far, far beneath it. The glowing verses she had read were addressed to her; she was the goddess of the poet's dreams. It was a happiness too great for feeling.

At that moment his eye fell upon the direction of the letter which lay in her basket. He recognized his correspondent to be, as he had faintly suspected, the lady whom he so long had worshipped.

He sank upon his knee and pressed her hand to his lips. In whispers he said—

"You have filled my heart with bliss; and all my hopes are turned to raptures."

BRIANT.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF DR. BYLES.

### A SKETCH FROM REALITY.

(Concluded from page 65.)

BY MISS LESLIE.

#### PART II.

HAVING thus become acquainted with the two Miss Byleses, and understanding that they were always delighted when strangers were brought to see them in a similar manner, I afterwards became the introducer of several friends from other cities, who successively visited Boston in the course of that summer, and who expressed a desire to pay their compliments to these singular old ladies.

In every instance, the same routine was pursued upon these occasions by the two sisters, and the practice of nearly half a century had, of course, made them perfect in it. I was told by a lady who had known the Miss Byleses long and intimately, and had introduced to them, at their house, not less than fifty persons, that she had never observed the slightest variation in their usual series of sayings and doings. And so I always found it, whenever I brought them a new visitor. Miss Mary always came to receive us at the front door,—and Miss Catharine always produced her own effect by not making her appearance, till we had sat sometime in the parlour. The attention of the stranger was always, in the same words, directed to the cornelian ring on their father's picture, and always the new guests were placed in the great carved chair, and the same wonder was expressed that "they should sit easy under the crown." Always did their visitor hear the history of "their nephew, poor boy, whom they had not seen for forty years." Always did Miss Catharine with the same diffidence exhibit the snake,—and always was the snake unwilling to re-enter his box, till he had been brought to obedience by a little wholesome chastisement. The astounding trick of the alphabetical bits of paper was unfailingly shown;—and, always when the visitors gave symptoms of departure, did Miss Mary slip out of the room, and lock the front door, that she might have an opportunity of repeating her excellent joke about the ladies night caps.

It was very desirable that all ladies and gentlemen, taken to see the Miss Byleses, should have sufficient tact to be astonished up to the exact point at the exhibition of their curiosities, that they should laugh, just enough, at their witticisms; and that they should humor, rather than controvert, their gratuitous manifestations of loyalty to the person they called their rightful king.

My friend Mr. Sully, (who was glad to have an opportunity of seeing Copley's portrait of Dr. Byles,) enacted his part *à mervèille*;—or rather, it was no

acting at all; but the genuine impulse of his kind and considerate feelings, and of his ever-indulgent toleration for the peculiarities of such minds as are not so fortunate as to resemble his own.

Another gentleman who was desirous of an introduction to the sisters, rather alarmed me by over-doing his part,—and, as I thought, being rather *too* much amazed at the curiosities; and rather too mirthful at the jokes,—and rather too warm in praising kings and deprecating presidents. But on this occasion, I threw away a great deal of good uneasiness, for I afterwards found that the Miss Byleses, spoke of this very gentleman as one of the most sensible and agreeable men they had ever seen,—and one who had exactly the right way of talking and behaving.

A lady who testified a wish to accompany me on a visit to the Miss Byleses, found little either to interest or amuse her,—the truth was, that being unable to enter the least into their characters, she looked very gravely all the time, and afterwards told me she saw nothing in them but foolishness.

I must do the Miss Byleses the justice to say, that they appeared to much less advantage on these the first visits of new people, than to those among the initiated, who took sufficient interest in them to cultivate an after-acquaintance. I went sometimes alone to sit an hour with them towards the decline of a summer afternoon,—and then I always found them infinitely more rational than when "putting themselves through their facings," to show off to strangers. In the course of these quiet visits, they told me many little circumstances connected with the royalist side of our revolutionary contest, that I could scarcely have obtained from any other source,—the few persons yet remaining among us that were tories during that eventful period, taking care to say as little about it as possible: and every one is so considerate as to ask them no questions on a subject so sore to them.

But with the daughters of Dr. Byles, the case was quite different. They gloried,—they triumphed, in the firm adherence of their father and his family to the royalty of England,—and scorned the idea of even now being classed among the *citoyennes* of a republic; a republic which, as they said, *they* had never acknowledged, and never would; regarding themselves still as faithful subjects to the majesty of Britain, whoever that majesty might be. Of the kings that they knew of, they had a decided preference for George the Third, as the monarch of their youthful



days, and under whom the most important events of their lives had taken place. All since the revolution was nearly a blank in their memories;—they dated almost entirely from that period,—and since then, they had acquired but a scanty accession to the number of their ideas. From their visitors they learnt little or nothing, as they always had the chief of the talk to themselves. With English history, and with the writers of the first half of the last century they were somewhat conversant,—but all that had transpired in the literary and political world since the peace of '83, was to them indistinct and shadowy as the images of a dream not worth remembering. But they talked of what, to us, is now the olden time with a vividness of recollection that seemed as if the things had occurred but yesterday. In the coloring of their pictures, I, of course, made allowance for the predominant tinge of toryism, and who for a large portion of the lingering vanity, which I regarded indulgently, because it injured no one, and their self-satisfaction added to the happiness of these isolated old ladies. They once showed me, in an upper room, portraits of themselves at the ages of seventeen and eighteen, painted by Pelham, the brother-in-law, I believe, of Copley. The pictures were tolerably executed; and I think they *must* have been likenesses, for the faded faces of the octagenarian sisters still retained some resemblance to their youthful prototypes. The Miss Byleses were not depicted in the prevailing costume of that period. They had neither hoop-petticoats, stomachers, nor powdered heads,—both were represented in a species of non-descript garments, imagined by the painter,—and for head gear, Miss Catharine had her own fair locks in a state of nature,—and Miss Mary a thing like a small turban.

From their own account they must have been regarded somewhat in the light of belles by the British officers. They talked of walking on the Common arm in arm with General Howe and Lord Percy: both of whom, they said, were frequent visitors at the house, and often took tea and spent the evening there.

I imagined the heir of Northumberland, taking his tea in the old parlour, by the old fire-place, at the old tea-table,—entertained by the witticisms of Dr. Byles, and the prettinesses of his daughters; who, of course, were the envy of all the female tories of Boston, at least of those who could not aspire to the honor of being talked to by English noblemen. Moreover, Lord Percy frequently ordered the band of his regiment to play under the chesnut trees, for the gratification of the Miss Byleses, who then, as they said, had "God save the King" in perfection. By the bye, I have never heard either God save the king or Rule Britannia well played by an American band; though our musicians seem to perform the Marseillois *con amore*.

The venerable ladies told me that the intimacy of their family with the principal British officers became so well known, that in a short time they found it expedient to close their shutters before dark, as the lights gleaming through the parlor windows made the house of Dr. Byles, a mark for the Americans to

fire at from their fortifications on Dorchester heights, in the hope that every ball might destroy a red-coated visitor. Also, that the cannon-shot, still sticking in the tower of Brattle-street church, was aimed by the Cambridge rebels at General Howe, who had established his head-quarters at the old Province House. Unpractised artillerymen as they then were, it is difficult to believe that, if the Province House was really their mark, they could have missed it so widely.

The Miss Byleses related many anecdotes of their father; some of which were new to me, and with others I had long been familiar. For the benefit of such of my readers as have not yet met with any of these old fashioned *jeux d'esprit* I will insert a few samples of their quality.

For instance, his daughters told me of the doctor walking one day with a whig gentleman, in the vicinity of the Common, where a division of the British troops lay encamped. His companion pointing to the soldiers of the crown—said—"you see there the cause of all our evils"—But you cannot say that our evils are not *red-dressed*," remarked Dr. Byles, "Your pun is not a good one," observed his companion, "you have mis-spelt the word by adding another D."—"Well—" replied the clerical joker,—“as a doctor of divinity, am I not entitled to the use of two D's."

They spoke of their father's captivity in his own mansion. And one of them repeated to me the well known story of Dr. Byles coming out to the centinel who was on guard, in a porch that then ran along the front of the house, and requesting him to go to the street pump and bring a bucket of cold water, as the day was warm, and the doctor very thirsty. The soldier, it seems, at first declined; alledging his reluctance to violate the rules of the service by quitting his post before the relief came round. The doctor assured the man that *he* would take his place, and be his own guard till the water was brought. The centinel at last complied; and took the bucket and went to the pump,—first resigning his musket to Dr. Byles, who shouldered it in a very soldier-like manner, and paced the porch, guarding himself till the sentry came back,—to whom on returning his piece, he said,—“Now my friend, you see I have been guarded—re-guarded—and dis-regarded."

The Miss Byleses also referred to the anecdote of their father having once paid his addresses to a lady who refused him, and afterwards married the Mr. Quincy of that time, a name which then, as now, is frequently in Boston pronounced Quinsy. The doctor afterwards meeting the lady, said to her jocosely,—“Your taste in distempers must be very bad, when it has led you to prefer the Quinsy to Byles."

In front of the house was in former times a large deep slough, that had been suffered by the municipal authorities to remain there for several winters, with all its inconveniences, which in wet weather rendered it nearly impassable. One day, Dr. Byles observed from his window that a chaise, containing two of the select men, or regulators of the town, had been completely arrested in its progress by sticking fast in the

thick heavy mud,—and they were both obliged to get out, and putting their shoulders to the wheel, work almost knee-deep in the mire before they could liberate their vehicle. The doctor came out to his gate, and bowing respectfully, said to them—"Gentlemen, I have frequently represented that slough to you as a nuisance to the street, but hitherto without any effect. Therefore I am rejoiced to see you *stirring* in the matter at last."

Certain fanatics who called themselves New-Lights had become very obnoxious to the more rational part of the community, and were regarded with much displeasure by the orthodox churchmen. A woman of this sect, who lived in the neighborhood, came in as usual, one morning, to annoy Dr. Byles, by a long argumentative, or rather vituperative visit. "Have you heard the news?" asked the doctor, immediately on the entrance of his unwelcome guest; he having just learnt the arrival, from London, of three hundred street lamps.

She replied in the negative.

"Well then,"—resumed the doctor,—“Not less than three hundred new lights have just arrived from England, and the civil authorities are going immediately to have them all put in irons.”

The lady was shocked to hear of the cruel treatment designed for her sectarian brethren that had just come over, and she hastened away directly, to spread the intelligence among all her acquaintances, in the hope, as she said, that something might be done to prevent the infliction of so unmerited a punishment. And the doctor congratulated himself on the success of the jest by which he had gotten rid of a troublesome visitor.

A son of Dr. Byles, that retired to Halifax, must have probably inherited a portion of his father's mantle; for his sisters repeated to me one of his conundrums, the humor of which almost atones for its coarseness—"Why do the leaders of insurrections resemble men that like sausages?"—"Because they are fond of intestine broils."

The Miss Byleses told me much of the scarcity of provisions and fire-wood, throughout Boston, during the winter of 1775, when the British and their adherents held out the town against the Yankee rebels, as they called them—and who had invested it everywhere on the land side, taking especial care that no supplies should pass in. It was then that the old North Church was torn down by order of General Howe, that the soldiers might convert into fuel the wood of which it was built.

By the bye, Mrs. Corder, an aged and intelligent female, living at the North end, informed me that, when a little girl, she witnessed from her father's house on the opposite side of the way, the demolition of this church; and that she was terrified at the noise of the falling beams and of the wooden walls, as they battered them down, and at the shouting and swearing of the soldiers as they quarrelled over their plunder. Nevertheless, when the work of destruction was over, and the soldiers all gone, she and other children of the neighborhood ran out to scramble among the rubbish—and she found and carried

home a little wooden footstool or cricket, that had evidently been thrown out from one of the demolished pews. I bought of my informant (who was in indigent circumstances) this humble and time-darkened relic, and it is now in possession of my youngest niece.

To return to the daughters of Dr. Byles.—They still lamented greatly over the privations endured that winter by the British army shut up and beleaguered in Boston; though certainly the same sufferings were shared by all the inhabitants that remained in the town.—And they grieved accordingly, to think that these inconveniencies finally compelled their English friends to take to their ships and depart.

Miss Mary Byles related to me, that on one occasion she had given to a hungry British soldier a piece of cold pork that had been left from dinner. A few evenings after, the same man knocked at the door, and requested to see one of the ladies—Miss Mary presented herself, and the grateful soldier slipped into her hand a paper containing a small quantity of the herb called by the whigs of that time "the detested tea;" and which it was then scarcely possible to obtain on any terms.

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Several years elapsed before I again was in Boston. In the interim, I heard something of the Miss Byleses from ladies who knew and visited them. I understood that, at length, they had found it impossible to prevent what they had so long dreaded, the opening of a street that would take in their little green lawn, their old horse chesnut trees, and that part of their house that stood directly across the way. For this surrender of their property, they received from the city an ample compensation in money; also their house was made as good or rather better than ever besides being new roofed and thoroughly repaired. The despoiled sisters, though another and more comfortable residence was offered to them during the time of their destruction, as they termed it, steadily persisted in remaining on their own domain during the whole process of its dismemberment. Their house, as they said, was cut in half; that part which faced the end of Tremont street being taken away. They mourned over the departure of every beam and plank as if each was an old friend—and so they truly were. And deep indeed was the affliction of the aged sisters when they saw, falling beneath the remorseless axe, their noble horse-chesnut trees whose scattered branches, as they lay on the grass, the old ladies declared, seemed to them like the dismembered limbs of children. At this juncture, their grief and indignation reached its climax; and they excited much sympathy even among professed utilitarians. There were many indulgent hearts in Boston that felt as if the improvement of this part of the city might yet have been delayed for a few short years, till after these venerable and harmless females should have closed their eyes for ever upon all that could attach them to this side of the grave. And that even if the march of public spirit should in consequence have allowed itself to pause a little longer in

this part of its road, "neither heaven nor earth would have grieved at the mercy."

Miss Mary Byles, who with more sprightliness had less strength of mind than her younger sister, never, as the saying is, held up her head again.—Her health and spirits declined from that time—she sunk slowly but surely; and after lingering some months, a few days of severe bodily suffering terminated all her afflictions, and consigned her mortal remains to their final resting-place beside her father. In the meantime she had lost her nephew, Mather Brown, the painter, who died at an advanced age in London and who was to have been the heir of all that his aunts possessed.

In addition to the rest of their little wealth, the Miss Byleses had in a sort of strong hold up stairs a chest of old-fashioned plate, no article of which was on any occasion used by them. Also, they retained some rare and valuable books that had belonged to their father, and a few curious and excellent mathematical instruments brought by him from England, and which the University of Harvard had vainly endeavoured to purchase from them. Among other articles was an immense burning-glass, said to be one of the largest in the world, and which the old ladies kept locked up in a closet, and carefully covered with a thick cloth, lest, as they said, it should set the house on fire.

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On a subsequent visit to the metropolis of the American east, I went to see the surviving Miss Byles; and when I reached the accustomed place I could scarcely recognize it. The main part of the old house was yet standing; but the loss of one end had given it quite a different aspect. There was no longer the green inclosure, the fence-gate, and the narrow path through the grass—the door opened directly upon a brick pavement and on the dusty street. To be sure there was a fresh-looking wooden door-step. New tenements had been run up all about the now noisy vicinity, which had entirely lost its air of quiet retirement. All was now symptomatic of bustle and business. The ancient dwelling-place of the Byles family had ceased to be picturesque. It had been repaired and made comfortable; but denuded of its guardian trees there was nothing more to screen from full view its extreme unsightliness. Above its weather-blackened walls (which the sisters would not allow to be painted, lest it should look *totally* unlike itself) the new shingles of the roof seemed out of keeping—I thought of all the poor ladies must have suffered during the transformation of their paternal domicile.

On knocking at the door, it was opened for me by an extremely good-looking neatly dressed matron, who conducted me into a room which I could scarcely believe was the original old parlor. The homely antique furniture had disappeared, and was replaced by some very neat and convenient articles of modern form. The floor was nicely carpeted; there were new chairs and a new table,—a bed with white curtains and counterpane, and window-curtains to match.—Nothing looked familiar but the antique crown chair and the pictures.

I found Miss Catharine Byles seated in a rocking chair with a pillow at her back.—She looked paler, thinner, sharper, and much older than when I last saw her. She was no longer in a white short gown but wore a whole gown of black merino, with a nice white muslin collar and a regular day-cap trimmed with black ribbon.

Though glad to find her so much improved as to comfort, I take shame to myself when I confess that I felt something not unlike disappointment, at seeing such a change in the ancient lady and her attributes. The quaintness, and I may say the picturesqueness of the old mansion, and its accessories, and also that of its octogenarian mistress, seemed gone for ever. I am sorry to acknowledge that at the moment I thought of the French artist Lebrun, who meeting in the street an old tattered beggar-man with long gray locks and a venerable silver beard, was struck with the idea of his being a capital subject for the pencil, and engaged him to come to him next day and have his likeness transferred to canvass. The beggar came; but thinking that all people who sit for their pictures should look spruce, he had bedizened himself in a very genteel suit of Sunday clothes, with kneebuckles and silk stockings; his face and hands nicely washed; his chin shaved clean; and his hair dressed and powdered; the whole man looking altogether as unpaintable as possible.—All artists will sympathize with the disappointed Lebrun, as he contemplated his beggar with dismay, and exclaimed—"oh! you are spoiled!—you are spoiled!" I suppose it is because I am a painter's sister, that I caught myself nearly on the point of making a similar ejaculation on seeing the new-modelling of Miss Catharine Byles, and her domicile.

But a truce with such unpardonable thoughts—Miss Catharine recognized me at once, and seemed very glad to see me. She soon began to talk about her troubles, and her sorrows, and alluded in a very affecting manner to the loss of her sister, who she said had died of a broken heart in consequence of the changes made in their little patrimony; having always hoped to die, as she had lived, in her father's house just as he had left it—"But the worst of all pursued Miss Catharine—"was the cutting down of the old trees.—Every stroke of the axe seemed like a blow upon our hearts. Neither of us slept a wink all that night. Poor sister Mary; she soon fretted herself to death. To think of our having to submit to these dreadful changes, all at once; when for ten years our dear father's spectacles, were never removed from the place in which he had last laid them down."

I attempted to offer a few words of consolation to Miss Catharine, but she wept bitterly and would not be comforted. "Ah!"—said she—"this is one of the consequences of living in a republic. Had we been still under a king, he would have known nothing about our little property, and we could have enjoyed it in our own way as long as we lived. There is one comfort, that not a creature in the states will be any the better for what *we* shall leave behind us—Sister and I have taken care of that. We have bequeathed every article to our relations in Nova Scotia since our nephew, poor boy, was so unfortunate as

to die before us. In all our trials it has been a great satisfaction to us to reflect that when everything was changing around, grace has been given us to remain faithful to our church and king.”

The loyal old lady then informed me that, on his accession to the throne, she had written a letter of congratulation to his Britannic Majesty, William the Fourth, whom she remembered having seen in Boston before the revolution, when he was there as Duke of Clarence and an officer in his father's navy. In this epistle she had earnestly assured him that the family of Dr. Byles always were, and always would be, most true and fervent in their devotion to their liege lord and rightful sovereign the king of England.—To have attempted to argue her out of this feeling, the pride and solace of her declining life, would have been cruel; and moreover entirely useless—I did not hint to her the improbability of her letter ever having reached the royal personage to whom it was addressed.

The old lady told me that her chief occupation now was to write serious poetry, and she gave me a copy of some stanzas which she had recently composed. The verses were tolerably good, and written in a hand remarkably neat, handsome, and steady.

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Miss Catharine Byles survived her sister Miss Mary about two years, and died of gradual decay in the summer of 1837. Her remains repose with those of her father and sister beneath the flooring of Trinity Church. They left the whole of their property to their loyalist relations in Nova Scotia, true to their long-cherished resolution that no republican should inherit the value of a farthing from them. The representative of the family is said to have come to Boston and taken possession of the bequest.

It is curious, as well as instructive, to contemplate the infinite varieties of human character, and the strange phases under which human intellect presents itself. The peculiarities of these two sisters strikingly evinced the lasting power of early impressions, almost always indelible when acting upon minds that have not been expanded by intercourse with the world. For instance—their steadfast, gratuitous and useless loyalty, cherished for monarchs whom they had never seen, and who had forgotten the very existence of Dr. Byles (if indeed they had ever remembered it) and who, of course, neither knew nor cared anything about his daughters; their rooted antipathy

to the republic in which they lived; and where if they had not persisted in shutting their eyes they must have seen everything flourishing around them; the strict economy which induced them to deny themselves even the comforts of life, and their willingness to be assisted by the benevolent rather than render themselves independent by an advantageous disposal of their property. The almost idolatrous devotion with which they clung to the inanimate objects that had been familiar to them in early life, showed an intensity of feeling which was both pitied and respected by their friends, though reason perhaps would not have sanctioned its entire indulgence. By living so much alone, by visiting at no other house, by never going out of their native town, by perpetually thinking and talking over the occurrences of their youth, they had wrought themselves into a firm belief that no way was right but their own way, no opinions correct but their own opinions: and above all, that in no other dwelling-place but their paternal mansion was it possible for them to be happy or even to exist.

As a set-off to their weaknesses, their vanities and their prejudices, it gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the kindness of their deportment, the soft tones of their voices, and to the old-fashioned polish of their manners; which at once denoted them to be ladies, even in their short-gowns and petticoats.

Though, in the latter part of their lives, the daughters of Dr. Byles were subjected to the sore trial of seeing the little green lawn on which they had played when children converted into a dusty street, and the fine old trees (which would take a century to replace) demolished in a few minutes before their eyes: still they were both permitted to die beneath the same roof under which their existence had commenced. The house of their heavenly father has many mansions; and there, in their eternal abode, now that their mental vision has cleared, and their souls have been purified from the dross of mortality, they have learnt the futility of having set their hearts too steadfastly on a dwelling erected by human hands; and more than all, of fostering prejudices in favor of that system of government which, according to the signs of the times, is fast and deservedly passing away. Is it too much to hope that ere the lapse of another half century, not a being in the civilized world will render the homage of a bended knee, except to the King of Heaven.

From Cruikshank's Omnibus for January.

## THE FROLICS OF TIME.

### A STRIKING ADVENTURE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

How I came to find myself, at midnight and in the dark, stretched on a sofa in a strange house, is of no consequence to my story; yet for the prevention of all uncharitable surmises it may be as well to mention, that the young friend whom I had deemed it prudent to see safe home from Greenwich to Lewisham, had participated more freely than I had in the revelries that sometimes succeeded to whitebait; and that, tired and sleepy, I had not irrationally preferred the scanty accommodation of a sofa, proffered by the old servant, the family being in bed, to a return to town on a wet and dreary night.

"This will do very well," said I, drowsily glancing at the length of a sofa in a large room on the ground-floor; and released from my boots only, I declined the offer of bedclothes, and declared that I should sleep without rocking. "No, no, pray don't leave the light," cried I, as the venerable domestic set down in the fireplace a huge old-fashioned candle-shade, through the numerous round holes of which a rushlight gloomily flickered.—"I hate that abominable invention; it's the only thing that could keep me awake for two minutes. That'll do—shut the door—good night."

"Got away so-er hfter all!" I whispered approvingly to myself when thus left alone. "And what's better, I've got this wild, racketty young scapegrace safe home too;—early moreover; though he thinks it's so late; I should never have dragged him away if I hadn't vowed by the beard of old Time that the church-clock had struck twelve three hours ago—but it's hardly twelve yet, I think—pledged my honor it was past two! Ah, well! Yaw-au!—ah!" And here my thoughts were silently settling upon another subject, previously to the last seal of sleep being fixed upon my lids, when my drowsy senses were disturbed by a dull, dead sound in the air—at no great distance from the house—it was the church-clock striking twelve. I counted the strokes. Midnight, sure enough! And somehow at that moment it occurred to my mind that I had taken Time's name in vain rather too roundly, and had vowed by his sacred beard rather irreverently to say the least, when I protested three times over, that no soul living would hear the clock strike twelve again that night!

No matter—it was a fib told to serve a good purpose—a little bit of evil done quite innocently—the end sanctifies the means! And in the space of three seconds I was again more than half asleep, when another clock struck—another, nearer and clearer than the last. It was a large full-toned house-clock, fixed probably on the staircase or the hall, though I had not observed it on entering. Its sounds were prolonged and solemn. Again I counted the strokes—twelve; which I had no sooner done, than a third clock struck—nearer to me still, for it was evidently in the room, at the further end; and so sharp and quick in succession were the strokes, that to count them would have been difficult, even had I been less startled by them than I was.

What a very curious clock! thought I; and during the second that was occupied by its striking, I raised my head and looked in the direction of the sound; the apartment might be miles or feet long, for aught that I could see. The curtains and shutters were closed—no scrap of the window was to be seen—no glimpse even of the dull damp night without was to be had. All was Darkness—

But not Silence; for before I could again shut my eyes, a clock began to strike, slowly, softly, in tones "most musical, most melancholy," right over my head, as though it were fixed to the wall only a few feet above me. Every sound was like the moan of a dying bird. I counted them—twelve as before. Yes, it was a clock that struck; it must be a clock; and it was right almost to a minute, by the church. What was there wonderful in that? Nothing—only—

Hark! the chimes too at midnight! On a table almost within my reach, some merry Sprite seemed, to the ear of my imagination, performing a serenade to the lingering hour of Twelve. He struck up the chimes with such a lively grace, and echoed them with such a ringing laugh, that the twelve sounds which announced the hour when he ceased, lost all the usual monotony of tone, and said, not merely in melody, but almost as distinctly as words could have said it, "Twelve o'clock"—four times over. I jumped up—and sat for an instant, my drowsiness all gone and my eyes unusually wide open, looking around me. I knew that there was a table close by, but neither table nor clock was visible in that utter gloom; not a trace of any form or figure could my straining sight discover.

To grope my way six feet forward, and feel upon the surface of the table whether, among the ornaments which there, as in other parts of the room, I had carelessly noted when first shown in, a clock was to be numbered, seemed easy enough; but scarcely had I stretched out, in fear and gentleness, one trembling hand upon that venturous errand, when I dropped back again upon the sofa, startled half out of my wits by the sudden striking of two more clocks, two at once—one loud, one low—apparently at opposite sides of the room; and before they had finished twelve strokes each, another, as though from a station in the centre of the chimney-piece, struck up "Meet me by moonlight," in notes the sweetest and silveriest imaginable, and the dozen strokes that followed were like the long plaintive tones of an Eolian harp. Before they were quite over, a peal of tiny bells began tinkling. Fairies tripping with bells at

their feet, could hardly have made lighter or quicker music. I began to think that a troop of that fabulous fraternity were actually in the apartment—that a host of little elves were capering about, not only with bells to their feet, but clocks to their stockings!

"Can these be clocks?" I asked myself! "Whatever the others may be, this surely is no clock!"—But the unpleasant suspicion had no sooner crossed my brain, than the bell-ringing ceased, and one, two, three—yes, twelve fine-toned strokes of a clock were distinctly audible. "It is a clock," I whispered—but this conviction scarcely lessened the mystery, which, though amusing, was ill-timed. I would have preferred any glimmer of a rushlight to darkness, and sleep to any musical entertainment. The wish had hardly time to form itself before another clock struck close by me, and between every stroke of the twelve came a sort of chirrup, which at a more suitable hour I should have thought the prettiest note in the world, but which was now considerably more provoking than agreeable. I looked, but still saw nothing. I put my hand out and felt about—it touched something smooth—glass, evidently glass—and the fear of doing damage would have been sufficient to deter me from prosecuting my researches in that direction, even if my attention had not been at that instant summoned away by a sudden volley of sounds that made my very heart leap, and transfixed me to the couch breathless with wonder and alarm.

This was the simultaneous striking of at least half-a-dozen more clocks in various parts of the room. Some might be large, and some tiny enough, some open, and some inclosed in cases; for the tones were manifold, and of different degrees of strength; but no two clocks—if clocks they were, which I doubted, were constructed on the same principle, for each seemed to strike upon a plan of its own—and yet all went on striking together as though doomsday had arrived, and each was afraid of being behind time, and too late to proclaim the fact!

One of these, a very slow coach, kept striking long after the others had ceased; and before this had finished, off went a clock in the corner that was furthest from me, sending such a short, sharp, rapid sound into the apartment, that I strained my eyes yet a little wider than ever, half in expectation of being able to see it. On it went striking—"six"—"nine, ten"—"twelve, thirteen!" What! "nineteen, twenty!" There was no mistake in the reckoning—"twenty-four!" What, twice twelve! Yes, three times and four times twelve! Still it went on striking—strike, strike, strike! How I wished, in that darkness, that it would strike a light!

Still the same sound; one monotonous metallic twang reverberating through the room, and repeating itself as though it were impossible to have too much of a good thing. That clock seemed to be set going for ever—to be wound up for eternity instead of time. It appeared to be laboring under the idea that doomsday had indeed arrived—that it was no longer necessary to note and number the hours accurately—that the family of the Clocks were free—that the old laws which governed them were abolished—and that every member of the body was at liberty to strike as long as it liked, and have a jolly lark in its own way!

Strike, strike—still it persevered in its monotony, till, just as I had made up my mind that it would never stop, it stopped at about a hundred and forty-four, having struck the hour twelve times over. But two or three more competitors, whether from the walls of the room, from the chimney-piece, or the tables, had set out practising with wonderful versatility before the lengthened performance just alluded to had quite concluded; nor was it until nearly half-an-hour had elapsed since the church clock, the leader of the strike, had struck twelve—the hour which I had declared by the beard of old Father Time to be passed and gone—that an interval of silence occurred, and peace again prevailed through the intense darkness of the apartment.

Yet, can I call it peace? It was only peace comparatively; for my ear now sensitively awake to catch even the faintest whisper of a sound, and all my senses nervously alive in expectation of another convulsion amongst the clockwork, I became conscious of noises going on around me, to which, on first lying down, free from suspicion of the near neighborhood of mystery, my ear was utterly insensible. I detected the presence of a vast multitude of small sounds distributed through the room, and repeating themselves regularly with singular distinctness as I listened. My pulse beat quicker, my eyes rolled anxiously and then closed; but those minute noises, clear and regular, went on in endless repetition, neither faster nor slower. Were they indeed the tickings of a hundred clocks—the fine low inward breathings of Time's children!

The speculation, little favorable to sleep, was suddenly cut short by another crash of sound, breaking in upon the repose; it was half-past twelve, and of the scores of clocks that had announced the midnight hour, one half now announced the march of thirty minutes more—some by a simple ding-dong, some by a single loud tick, others by chimes, and one or two by a popular air, or a sort of jug-jug like a nightingale. Again I started up and listened—again I essayed to grope my way about the room, to find out by the test of touch, whether the place was indeed filled with time-pieces and chronometers, Dutch repeaters and eight-day clocks. But so completely had the noises bewildered me, that I knew not which way to turn, and had I dared to wander, at the hazard of overturning some fancy table or curious cabinet, I should never have found my way back to my couch again. Down upon it, therefore, I once more threw myself, and conscious still of the multitudinous tickings that seemed to people the apartment with sprites, not a span long, dancing in fetters, invoked kind nature's restorer, balmy sleep, and at length, nearly exhausted, dropped into a doze.

This was but short-lived ; for my ears remained apprehensively opened, although my eyes were sealed, and the pealing sound of the church-clock striking one awoke me again to a disagreeable anticipation of another general strike. Once more I sought to penetrate with anxious gaze the profound darkness before me. "Was it all a delusion?" I exclaimed. "Have I been dreaming? Is the room actually filled with clocks, or am I the victim of enchantment?" The answer came from the outside of the room—from the huge family dispenser of useful knowledge—the clock on the staircase, whose lengthened uhr-r-r-rh, preparatory to the stroke of one, was a warning worthy of the sonorous announcement. I felt it strike upon my heart—it convinced me that I had not dreamt—it foretold all—and I knew that the Spirits of the Clock would immediately be at work again. And to work they went fast enough—chimes and chirrups, merry-bells and moanings of birds—sometimes the cuckoo's note, sometimes the owl's hoot—the trickling of water-drops imitated now, and now the rattling of silver fetters—here a scrap of a melody, and there a shrill whistling cry ;—all followed, in a tone thin or full, loud or weak, according to the construction of the unseen instrument—by the single stroke, proclaiming the hour of one!

I sank back, with my eyes close shut, and my hands covering up my ears. What a long night had I passed in a single hour!—how many hours were yet to be counted before light, piercing the gloom, would reveal the mystery of the clocks, and point the way to deliverance—that is, to the door. At last there was quiet again, the tickings only excepted, which continued low and regular as before. Sleep crept over me, interrupted only by the chimes, and other musical intimations at the quarters and the half-hour. And then came two o'clock, awaking me once more to a conviction that the hundred clocks—if clocks—were wound up for the night; or that the spirits who were playing off their pranks—possibly in revenge for my "innocent imposition" touching the flight of Time, and my irreverence towards the beard of that antiquarian—were resolved to show me no mercy.

Off they went, clock after clock—silver, copper, and brass all spoke out, separately and in concert—wheels within wheels went round, chain after chain performed its appointed functions—hammers smote, and bells rang—and then, at last, fidgetted out of my senses, and "fooled to the top of my bent," sleep as before came to my aid; broken at intervals; and at intervals bringing visions of Time chained to the wall, and unable to stir a foot—of Time flying along upon a railroad fifty miles an hour, leaving Happiness behind mounted on a tortoise—of Time's forelock, by which I would have fondly taken him, coming off in my hand because he wore a wig—of Time shaving off his reverend beard, and starting away at the beginning of a new year, a gay, smart, glowing juvenile!

\* \* \* I found out in the morning that my young friend's father was that oddest of oddities, a collector of clocks—that he had a passion for them, seeking out a choice clock as a connoisseur seeks out a choice picture—that he was continually multiplying his superfluities—that he boasted clocks of every form and principle, down to the latest inventions—clocks that played the genteelst of tunes, and clocks that struck the hour a dozen times over as many different ways—and that there were eighty-five, more or less calculated to strike, in the apartment wherein I had—*slept*; in the Clockery!

# THE HAUNTED FOUNTAIN.

## A STORY OF THE RHINE.

BY JAMES ALDRICH, ESQ.

"She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,  
A power, that from its objects scarcely drew  
One impulse of her being—in her lightness  
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,  
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,  
To nourish some far desert; she did seem  
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,  
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream  
Which walks, when tempests sleep, the wave of life's dark stream."

In one of the loveliest spots on the banks of the river Rhine, beneath the ruined castle of Eisleben, which hangs like a dark cloud over the waves, are the remains of a Roman fountain, the design of which is a lion reposing on a massive marble pediment. The pediment is elaborately and exquisitely adorned with appropriate figures in relief—the subjects purely classical, taken from the heathen mythology. For ages tradition has awarded to the fountain its Egeria, and travellers passing up the Rhine seldom fail to stop at the little hamlet of Urloff, hard by, to visit the castle, or to consult, if possible, the divinity of the place. But neither the divinity nor the castle had induced the young sculptor, Ernest Wernlander, to visit the fountain; he was attracted by its fame as a work of art, and came to study and copy the reliefs.

Wernlander had been educated in one of the best German universities; at times he had given up his whole soul to the study of chemistry, astronomy, and poetry; these he left in disgust for the chisel of the sculptor. He did not lack genius nor ability, but that resolution and firmness of purpose, without which mental power is ever unproductive. His character was an anomaly not infrequently observed in young men of genius; he was a misanthrope, and had lived twenty-three years in the world without loving any one. At times he doubted the existence of virtue, the truth of the revealed religion, almost his own being, and was ever

sighing for an ideal good which never existed, except in the imagination; yet no base thoughts nor passions found a home in his heart, which was ever alive to noble sentiments and tender sensibilities; with truth he might have said of himself—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It has been well observed by the author of *Christabel* that the best way to bring a clever young man, who has become sceptical and unsettled, to reason, is to make him *feel* something in any way. Love, if sincere and unworldly, will, in nine cases out of ten, bring him to a sense and assurance of something real and actual; and that sense alone will make him think to a sound purpose, instead of dreaming that he is thinking.

In the autumn of 18—, an English gentleman, Sir Edward Moreland, with his son and daughter, were making a pilgrimage up the Rhine. Sir Edward was an invalid, and on arriving at Urloff, the party stopped, partly to recover from the fatigue of travelling, and partly to enjoy the beautiful and sublime scenery, which there meets the eye of the traveller at every turn.

"The day was in the golden west," and the dark shadow of Eisleben lay upon the river and valley, making an agreeable twilight, when Edith Moreland—for such was our fair heroine's name—tempted by an adventurous spirit, and a natural fondness for solitary musings, wandered alone



to the haunted fountain. Edith was then in her eighteenth year, of delicate yet exquisitely rounded figure; the curved lines of her fine form, the beauty of its flexible sinuosity, it were difficult to portray in words; her countenance, though inexpressive of impassioned melancholy, was marked with a tender and pathetic beauty, harmonizing with the spirit within her, and expressing at once innocence and sublimity of soul; her eyes were large and full, of a dark lustrous brown, telling of tender feelings and a constant serenity of mind; but the most beautiful feature of her face was her lips, around the tremulous curve of which a faint smile of indescribable sweetness ever circled.

In the dark shade of some linden trees beside the fountain, his head resting upon his hand, lay Ernest Wernlander; beside him were his unfinished drawings, which the gathering twilight had caused him to lay aside, and he was lost in a day-dream in which visions of the past, the present, and the future, were all indistinctly blended. On the approach of his fair visitor he started in astonishment from his reverie, half believing in the tradition which assigned to the fountain a spiritual attendant.

"Gentle lady," said Wernlander, "if I may be pardoned in addressing one in whose presence nothing, certainly, but the most fortunate chance could have brought a poor artist—there is a legend, with which you are doubtless well acquainted, that an attendant spirit presides at this fountain, whose only employment is doing acts of charity to the pilgrim and wayfarer; forgive me for saying, when I first saw you, the fiction—for such in sober reason we must regard it—seemed reality, not without cause, for none but one of gentle heart would, unattended, seek this lonely recess at such an hour."

"The hour is later than I deemed it," said the fair visitor, with timidity, "or I should not have ventured so far without the attendance of my brother, who, with my father, is at the inn in the hamlet below."

"Fear not, lady," replied Wernlander,

"for such poor attendance as I can offer I shall be too happy in granting."

Edith, gaining confidence from the kindly tones and demeanor of Wernlander, said, "I would the twilight were not so deep, for much of the delicate tracery of the reliefs is imperceptible for want of light, and I have been informed that the ornamental designs are the chief attractions of the fountain as a work of art."

"But the effect of the whole is greatly heightened," replied Wernlander, "by twilight; the rough outlines of those rocks are softened, and the beautiful is almost exalted to the sublime: even that rude cross, bending with age, to the left of the fountain, which in the glaring light of noon would be nothing more than a monkish device, is now a hallowed symbol, subduing by its presence the turbulent passions of the heart, and lifting the soul above the gloom of this cloud encircled world into the serene light of the stars."

"It is doubtless as you say; to-morrow I will come here at noon, that I may contrast the effects of different lights upon a scene so picturesque and beautiful," replied Edith Moreland, and turned to depart, with such an expression as signified to Wernlander that his attendance would not be unwelcome. Wernlander gathered up his drawings and accompanied her to the door of her inn, and taking respectful leave promised, at her request, to send his drawings on the following day for her to examine.

The morning of a new existence had dawned upon Wernlander; his past life seemed an idle and half-forgotten tale, and he felt the moment of the meeting at the haunted fountain to be the point of time from which to date his new being. Restless and tortured with conflicting hopes and misgivings he retired to his chamber, but in vain essayed to sleep; in the drapery of his couch he saw the delicately moulded form of Edith Moreland; he looked from his window, and in the blended beauty of the sky and stars beheld her eyes; he listened to the night-wind, and

in its low breathings, recognized the gentle tones of her voice.

The following morning Edith related to her father, and brother Herbert, her adventure at the fountain, and the interest the young sculptor had awakened in her; her father listened with pleasure to the unaffected narrative, but Herbert petulantly expressed his displeasure at what he was pleased to term his sister's imprudence. While they were conversing upon the subject, a servant brought into the drawing-room the address of Wernlander. "Bid him come in," said the old gentleman, and Wernlander entered with a portfolio of drawings. Herbert sneeringly looked at him and left the apartment. The insult momentarily placed Wernlander under painful restraint, from which, however, he was soon relieved by the marked civilities of both father and daughter. The conversation was unrestrained, turning chiefly upon the masterly works of ancient art, a subject introduced by the drawings which Wernlander had brought with him.

"We shall set out to-morrow," said Sir Edward Moreland, "on our pilgrimage; our destination is Rome, where we purpose spending the winter, and it were fortunate for me could I meet you there and avail myself of your taste and assistance in making a small collection of statuary, which I am anxious to carry home with me to England."

Wernlander's heart sank within him when he heard the time of the intended departure was so near; Edith observed his emotion and could not misunderstand its cause; a feeling of sympathy, akin to love, prompted her to say that her heart responded to her father's wishes that they might meet again at Rome; "at least," continued she, fearing she had expressed herself too warmly, "it would be gratifying to have you write to my father there, and give him such aid as could be conveyed by a letter." Her words were soothing to the feelings of Wernlander, who felt, if he could continually enjoy the presence of the fair being before him, his love would

soon be exalted into adoration. Wernlander departed from the inn; he saw not Edith Moreland again till the next morning, as she was entering her father's carriage on the point of taking a final leave of Urloff; as she bade adieu she carelessly dropped a flower from her hand, which Wernlander caught. Who could estimate the value of that little flower to him! In a few moments the carriage receded from his sight. The accustomed pursuits and pleasures of life became repulsive to Wernlander, who suffered that mental enervation which always succeeds extravagant mental excitement.

When time had somewhat softened his regrets, he again pursued his studies and endeavored to forget the adventure at the fountain, or only to remember it as a pleasing incident in the drama of life. A month had passed away since the parting, when, one evening, sitting in his solitary chamber, his memory recalled the form of Edith Moreland, her tones, her words, and above all her look at parting; the fountain of his love was unsealed, and tears were the silent expression of the emotion that thrilled his heart.

To the heart-afflicted it is a consolation to weep in silence—to conceal the sorrow that cannot be assuaged; and it was not to excite sympathy in the breast of Edith that Wernlander wrote to her the following letter:

"In addressing one whom I can never hope to see, from whom I can never hope to hear, there can, at least, be no insincerity. The bitter pangs of disappointed wishes torture me with their stings, and despair mocks me with melancholy sighs, like the lamenting voice of the night-wind breathing through withered hedge; yet, when I recall the past, my *misere* is changed to

'A more precipitated vein  
Of notes, that eddy in the flow  
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,  
And leave their sweeter understrain,  
Its own sweet self—a love of thee  
That seems, yet cannot greater be.'

Before I knew you, I had supposed that love, such as is traced by the glowing pen-

cil of genius, existed only in the fervid imagination of the poet; experience has taught me how erroneous was my opinion.

"You are now in Rome, the sepulchre of the past. What a world of human woes, of love, ambition, and glory, lie there entombed!—the thought is a satire upon the contending emotions which afflict me. Last night I dreamed I sat beside you upon a fallen column, among shattered capitals and cornices of delicate sculpture, within the ruins of the Coliseum; through the immense rifts in the walls and crumbling arches, over which enormous blocks of stone were hanging tottering, the full moon poured down its sanctifying beams upon us: my sense of pleasure was unutterable, and I awoke to weep that it was only a dream.

"In a few weeks I shall set out for Florence; but I shall depart without that ardor so necessary to ensure success in a difficult pursuit. Do you remember the closing part of poor Thekla's song? *I have enjoyed the happiness of this world—I have lived and I have loved.* Adieu! <sup>3</sup>Heaven love and protect you."

In accordance with the determination expressed in this letter, Wernlander removed to Florence, and placed himself under the tuition of the greatest modern sculptor. With Florence—that museum of the arts—he was delighted; the gloomy grandeur of its public edifices, those stupendous and enduring monuments to the genius of Lappo and Brunelleschi, accorded happily with his feelings, and became to him holy and spiritual companions.

Edith Moreland remained, during the winter, with her father and brother at Rome. Her beauty, the gentleness of her manners, and the brilliancy of her genius, captivated the best of the foreign society then residing there. Early in the ensuing spring, while her father was making preparations to depart from Rome, she was attacked with a fever, peculiar to the place, and in three days thereafter, she, who seemed made to bless all who came within the rainbow circle of her influence;

she, to whom the future seemed only a continuation of innocent delights, had departed—Edith Moreland was no more! Her grave was made in the beautiful Protestant Cemetery, a burial-ground of which one who now sleeps there said, "It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

The Protestant Cemetery is devoted to the burial of strangers who die in Rome, and no spot in the world urges on the mind of the spectator to such melancholy reflections, such silent and profitable admonitions of the utter vanity of human life and human ambition. On that beautiful plain a host of young and ardent aspirants for fame "have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death;" painters, poets, and sculptors, "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown," there repose, who were cut off in the morning of existence, ere the prize for which they were toiling was won; and many who in life mourned over broken affections, whose hearts were living sepulchres, there sleep, unwrecked by dreams, beneath a green coverlet, pranked with wild violets and daisies.

"Go thou to Rome—at once the paradise,  
The grave, the city, and the wilderness; [rise,  
And where its wrecks like shatter'd mountain's  
And flowering weeds, and fragrant cosses dress  
The bones of desolation's nakedness—  
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead  
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,  
Where, like the infant's smile, over the dead,  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is  
spread."

Spiritless and broken-hearted, the disconsolate father pursued his way to Florence, for the purpose of completing his collection of statuary. In an obscure street, he found the studio of an eminent artist, and examining a variety of specimens of his workmanship, he was suddenly overwhelmed with astonishment by seeing before him a statue, exquisitely chiselled, and perfectly representing the form, features, and expression of her whom he had recently consigned to the grave. The old man could not conceal his emotion, his eyes were suffused with tears as he inquired into the history of the statue.

"That," said the sculptor, "is the work of a young German artist, named

Wernlander; he called it *the nymph of the fountain*; the execution is admirable, but the design faulty—almost ridiculous—if, indeed, he intended it as an ideal creation to ornament a fountain; but his singular history justifies the belief that the statue is a representation of some object of his af-

fections; he was found dead beside it some weeks since, having destroyed himself with poison.”

The old man covered his face and left the apartment. That statue now adorns the princely mansion of the Moreland family, in one of the northern counties of England.

## English Magazines.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for January.)

### THE HEIRESS AND HER FRIENDS.

#### CHAPTER I.

ANY one passing along that fine row of cottages on the way to Dulwich, each standing (like a nobleman's mansion) in its own grounds, and guarded from the vulgar intrusion of every thing but noise and dust, by bright green railings—each also ornamented with a line of shrubs along the walk, and four, rather finer than ordinary, safely ensconced in gigantic flower-pots;—any one, I say, passing along that line might have seen, a great many years ago, a bright brass plate at No. 7, with the name of John Hibbert engraved on it in the Roman letters. Furthermore, any one on inquiry would have found that Mr. John Hibbert punctually paid his weekly bills, was as regular as clockwork in his daily movements to and from Old Broad Street, was in a flourishing way of business; and, in all senses of the word—even to the extent of keeping a gig—a respectable man. Mr. John Hibbert was a widower; and as history has forgotten to record the maiden name of his deceased companion, we may very safely conjecture that she was not any near relation of the Plantagenets or Howards; but she was a most excellent woman, as Mr. Hibbert frequently took occasion to mention, especially when he was in wrath with either of his daughters; and it would indeed have been astonishing, as he often observed, that such a paragon should have been the mother of two such very provoking creatures, if it had, indeed, been true that she was so entirely faultless as she was now represented by the irate father. It was remarked as a fine trait of his character, and a proof of his contempt of flattery, that he had never made use toward her, during her life, of a single expression that could lead her to think it at all remarkable that the girls were much like the ordinary race of mortals. She had no idea that she was such a wondrous piece of perfection herself; probably from having it pretty often dinned into her ears that she was the very reverse—from all which we are bound to confess that Mr. John Hibbert, in spite of his brass plate and green railings, and perfect respectability, was a considerable brute in his way, and that his family were rather to be pitied than otherwise. His eldest daughter took the management of his house, and was trained from an early age in all the ways of her amiable sire. Such a tartar was never known by any of the butchers' boys or grocers' apprentices in those parts: roasting before a slow fire was not half punishment enough, if she had had it in her power to inflict it, for venturing into the kitchen with dirty shoes.—The maid, when she heard of any one being condemned to hard labor at the tread-mill, looked up, with a sigh of envy, reflecting that the unfortunate prisoner was at least free from the superintendence of Miss Susan. And it was a great pity that that excellent establishment had not the benefit of her assistance, for nature had exactly adapted her to be an overseer: if she had been a man, she would have been a slave-driver from choice. Her sister Elizabeth was eight years younger, and if you had seen them walking together to church, you never would have thought them branches of the same tree. Susan was short and thin; a small red nose gave a finish to a countenance of which the other principal features were bright grey eyes, very small and deep, and a large mouth, with long white teeth. Elizabeth, on the other hand, had all the beauty resulting from a fine healthy complexion, good features, and a full well-shaped figure. She had nothing of what people absurdly call intellect in her face—as if clever people were not generally the stupidest-looking, ugliest monsters, you can meet with; but in her great black shining eyes, cherry-colored lips, and rosy cheeks, there was something which, for my own part, I greatly prefer to the most intellectual snub-nose or philosophical squinting eyes you can imagine.

They say pretty girls know their prettiness at a very early age—and perhaps the remark may be right; but in this instance Miss Susan—which is a very uncommon thing—very early made the discovery that she was atrociously ugly. Upon my word, I think, by constantly dwelling on the subject in her own mind, she exaggerated her ugliness, as other people, by the same process, exaggerate their beauty. She seemed to take a pride in it; she petted it, and caressed it; and was quite pleased when her mirror discovered to her that she was looking at any time more than usually hideous. The father, also, seemed to be enchanted with her frightfulness. He was an ugly fellow himself, and took it as a sort of compliment that his daughter was a second edition of his own unloveliness. But with regard to Elizabeth, they both felt that there was some implied insult in all that flush of health and beauty. They could not exactly accuse her of having fine-cut features and graceful movements, and white hands, and small delicate feet, on purpose to spite them; but they felt that all was not right; there was some latent, undefined satire—perhaps libel—in those bright sunny eyes and glossy ringlets; and, if the truth must be told, they hated her with all their hearts. And no wonder; she was such a provoking girl: she laughed, and talked, and sang, all day long, unless when Susan had succeeded in bullying and tormenting her into a good cry. She ran out of the house without her bonnet, and slipped into No. 9, and gossiped, and talked, and laughed, and played on the piano, with the young Misses Forman, and then hurried back again when she was tired, and bounded into the drawing-room without wiping her shoes on the scraper; in short, she was a hoyden of the most undeniable character, and cared nothing at all about punctilios, and not much more for her sister, who was little else than a great ill-natured, red-haired punctilio, in *propria persona*. This lasted for a long time. Mr. John Hibbert grew richer and richer every year, and would perhaps have been lord Mayor of London, if he had lived long enough: but he did not; for, when his youngest daughter was eighteen, and his eldest owned to twenty-three, though in reality she was twenty-six, he was taken very unwell. He grew more sour and crabbed than ever. He could not go every day, as he used to do, into the city; so he sat and sulked most tremendously, at home. Susan sat opposite, and sulked too. Elizabeth couldn't sulk; but she sat as quiet as she could, and tried to look unhappy: but beautiful girls of eighteen find it very difficult to look unhappy; and so she sometimes looked up from her work with a radiant smile, and was sure to be rebuked for it, as if it had been a heinous sin, by her father and sister. Then she began to cry, and they said she was sulky; then she smiled again, and they said she was thoughtless; and did not care whether her father lived or died; then she went up to her bed-room to avoid their reproaches, and they said she neglected the sufferer. In short, one pretty, silly, happy creature of eighteen, is no match for two ugly people that are determined never to be pleased. And Elizabeth was treated worse than Cinderella, without any fairy coming to give her carriages and fine clothes—a clear proof to me that there are no fairies left, or they would have done it to a certainty. But all this scolding at the poor girl, and grumbling at everything else, did not do a bit of good to poor Mr. Hibbert's complaint. He grew worse and worse, and, by sympathy, Susan scolded more and more. Both of the maids rushed out of the house in a fit of frenzy, as if they were going to drown themselves in the Thames; the butcher's boy refused to take another joint to No. 7, and the grocer's apprentice meditated an attack on the till, and a flight to America. They were, therefore, unattended to, and nearly starved, and at last had to send Elizabeth round to the tradespeople, to make matters smooth. The butcher's boy at the first smile agreed to deliver, if required, an ox per day, cut up into half pounds; and the grocer's apprentice became moral and religious all of a sudden, and would not have gone to America to have been made president of the United States. Even the maids, when they came back about their boxes, agreed to stay, all for the sake of Miss Elizabeth. What two beautiful things are good nature and good looks! Mr. Hibbert sold off his stock in trade, and got a large sum for the good-will of the business—added up all his accounts, and found he was worth fifty thousand pounds. Fifty thousand pounds, and to live all his life at No. 7! Poor man, he did not know that all his life was not to be very long; and he felt as much disgusted at the thoughts of being imprisoned in such a cottage, as if he was to live as long as Methuselah. As long as he had been in business, he had never thought of the inadequacy of the house, for a man of his possessions. I suspect money-making people, while in trade, think their houses a sort of back-room to the office; a part of their commercial premises, and are very well pleased if they can get a chop in them, and a bed. But the moment they have closed the ledger, they are different beings. They have

given up their office; why the deuce should they continue to live in the back room? Mr. Hibbert looked every day through all the advertisements in the *Times*, in search of an estate with a commodious mansion, fit for the reception of a family of respectability. Such a wonderful number of houses to be sold! all so beautiful—woods, and lawns, and waters—it seemed as if Cubitt or Burton had got a lease of Paradise, and let it out in lots; but, on close inquiry, it turned out that sin had entered in and cut down the trees, or ploughed up the lawn, or let out the water, for the places were dreadfully ugly, and the houses in bad repair. At last he heard of an admirable place in the county of —, just the thing; finely cultivated land, spacious house, elegantly furnished, and most select neighborhood. Oh, what a curious metamorphosis of our snarling friend in No. 7! A select neighborhood—yes—he would get into the best society; give dinners to all and sundry, get a red cuff to his coat, and I. P. to his name. What a pity he should die just when he had concluded the bargain; three and twenty thousand pounds, the timber valued at three more—altogether, with expenses, and a few alterations, twenty-seven thousand pounds; leaving him twenty-three thousand on a first-rate mortgage at five per cent. One little week before he was to take possession he became much worse—sent for another doctor—and for an attorney, to make his will. The other doctor came, and took his three guineas, and shook his head sagaciously as he left the house. The lawyer arrived, and shook his head sagaciously as he went in. Now you may remark, that in those two professions, medicine and law, a great deal of meaning is conveyed by a shake of the head. The shake of the doctor said as plainly as words could have said it, that there were very few more three guinea fees to be had; and the attorney's was no less explicit as to his belief that the undertaker might reasonably calculate on a speedy summons.

#### CHAPTER II.

So the lawyer was shown into the room—a dapper-looking little man about five-and-thirty years of age, with an amazingly clean shirt, ornamented with two gold pins; a bright blue satin waistcoat, with gold buttons; and three little chains across the breast, retaining his watch in the left-hand pocket, like the cables of a seventy-four at anchor at Spithead. All his clerks thought him the perfect beau-ideal of a gentleman, so we may be sure he had what is called an air distingué, which on this occasion was perhaps a little marred by a great blue bag which he carried in his hand. But, to be sure, even the blue bag he carried with a very distinguished air, as they say Virgil scattered manure about his fields as if he had been a sovereign distributing crosses of the Guelphic order; and when he—not Virgil, but the smart little attorney—laid the bag upon the chair, and held out his hand to the invalid, you saw in a moment that he had studied in the very highest school of politeness, known east of Temple Bar. "Well, my good sir," he said, "and how goes it? You look uncommon well, I do declare."

"I don't, Tyem, I don't; and you know it. I'm very ill."

"My dear sir, I'm grieved to see you so desponding. By the bye, are you concerned in the subterranean railway?"

"Never heard of a subterranean railway except a common sewer. I want you to make my will."

"Delighted, I'm sure, and feel flattered you apply to me. I will just take a note of your wishes, and draw it out for your signature as soon as possible."

"No: write the will at once. It won't be long. I will tell you the substance, and you can put it into law. Item"—

"Pardon me, my dear sir, we do n't begin with item"—

"You end with a good many, though."

"Ah, just the old man; always joking."

"Never joked in my life, sir. Begia. I, John Hibbert, of Willerdon Hall, in the county of —, Esquire, leave all my property of all kinds whatever to my eldest daughter, Susan Hibbert, for her life, if she continues unmarried, and to her and her children for ever if she marries and has any, on condition of her paying an annuity of a hundred pounds to her sister, my daughter, Elizabeth Hibbert; and after her death to her child or children. And in case my eldest daughter dies without children, I then leave every thing to my second daughter, if then living, or her child or children, if she has any."

"And failing them, sir?" inquired the attorney.

"I do n't care where it goes—put any body's name in you like."

Mr. Tyem reflected about half a second; and, as he was directed to put down any body's name he liked, and he liked his only son better than any body else except himself, he inquired if he might insert the name of Augustus Tyem.

"You may put down the devil, I tell you!" answered the meek invalid, suffering probably from a twitch of pain!

"Oh, thank you, sir! I'll put down poor Augustus out of compliment, for he has n't a chance—not the remotest. They'll both marry; they're so very good looking, especially Miss Hibbert."

"She's as ugly as sin, sir, and you know it. The other one is what they call pretty, and may marry without a fortune—a thoughtless, careless, gipsy!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear sir; indeed you are mistaken. Miss Hibbert has n't, perhaps, such regular features; but there's a fine acute intelligent expression about her, that you must be a little blinded not to perceive."

"Well, turn all that I've said into proper phrases, and let me sign it, for I am tired."

The lawyer sat down and did as he was directed; and, by dint of sundry whereases, and furthermore, and nevertheless, contrived to manufacture a document so totally unintelligible to ordinary men, that it bore strong internal tokens of being profoundly legal. When it was finished to his satisfaction, and carefully read over by Mr. Hibbert, proper witnesses were called in, and the document was signed, sealed, and delivered, in due form. Then did Mr. Tyem discover his politeness and good taste, and displayed his ingenuity at the same time, by pouring into the dying man's ear all the tittle-tattle of the city—the late failures, the expected bankruptcies, the gallant news of the day; for Mr. Tyem was a gay widower, and read the unstamped newspapers, and some of the stamped ones, every Sunday morning. Then he was eloquent about the East End Club, of which he was a member; and related various anecdotes of being overcharged two-pence for lunch, and resisting the imposition with the indignation of a virtuous man, who never made an overcharge in his life; and finally, when the two girls fortunately came into the room, he had nearly succeeded in talking the almost almost speechless patient to death.

"Oh, father! how very ill you look!" said Elizabeth, horror-struck at the change produced by the loquacity of the visitor.

"That's always the way you go on!"—exclaimed Susan in a sharp tone—"always trying to frighten poor dear papa about his looks. I wish you would n't speak to him at all, if you can't give him any more comfort than that."

But Elizabeth was not to be put down by sharp speeches, when she saw her father so dreadfully changed.

"Oh father," she said, "is there anything I can do?—tell me," and she took his hand.

"Yes," said the father in a tone that might almost have been mistaken for Susan's, "you can hold your tongue and leave me alone."

"Your father, Miss Susan, has just done me the favor to dictate to me his will!"—said the attorney, smirking at the same time.

"Oh!"—said Miss Hibbert inquiringly.

"And I believe, sir, I may mention to Miss Hibbert, that you have shown your sense of her merits by leaving her nearly your whole fortune."

"Oh dear, I am sure I never deserved it," said the now relieved young lady—and put the handkerchief to her face; but as only a few shrill notes proceeded from her diminutive nose, upon this demonstration, I cannot positively declare whether she succeeded in extracting a single tear. But Elizabeth, who considered the making of a will the very last act (as it too often is) of life, and that it was like the last speech and confession of a person on the scaffold, without hope either of reprieve or pardon, turned suddenly very pale, and sat down, and looked at the pallid face of her father in silence. "What a heartless creature she is!" said Miss Hibbert to herself, taking a look at her from the corner of her pocket handkerchief, "to take on so about not being left anything—and not to care about dear papa!—I could n't have thought it." You will remark that people who have not sense enough to enter into the better feelings of our calamitated nature, are never aware of that deficiency themselves, and are persuaded that the emotions of a pure and good mind are exactly the same as those of a vile and bad one. And so, from the great height of her contentment with her father's whole fortune, she looked down with the abhorrence becoming an affectionate daughter and a good Christian, on her poor sister, whose thoughts were very differently engaged. There certainly is something after all in natural affection, or why should Elizabeth have cared a straw for such a bitter cantankerous old tormentor as Mr. Hibbert? But so it was: perhaps he had not always been unkind; perhaps, sometime or other, when she was a child, he had kissed her, or played with her, or bent over her in her little crib at night; and the remembrance of that kindness, after lying dormant through many years of neglect and harshness, was awakened all of a sudden by the sight of his pain-contracted features. She slept noiselessly across the floor, and without saying a word, while her eyes were filled with large glistening tears, she gently placed her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"There now!" cried Susan starting—"She'll be the death of poor dear papa! I always said so—always trying to work on his feelings—and he's so very sensitive, Mr. Tyem. Is she hurting you, papa?"

"Yes," said the invalid, breathing with increased difficulty, and scarcely understanding the question; "she's leaning all her weight on my chest; she's choking me, I can't get breath—ha—ha."

"There—you hear what he says, Mr. Tyem. He says she's choking him. For shame, Elizabeth—come away from him—do."

Elizabeth, who had kept her head bent over the panting sufferer, watched the heavings of his chest with awe and terror, raised her face when her sister spoke to her. She would fain have poured out her pent-up affection on her father, or even on her sister, to whom the awful scene seemed to unite her more closely than she had ever felt before—but the pert cold face of that young lady repelled her; the strange looks of Mr. Tyem, who saw that his best way of paying court to the heiress was to insult the sister, repelled her; and so, feeling at that moment, more bitterly than ever, the utter loneliness of her situation, she lifted solemnly the unresisting hand of her father to her lips, and slowly left the room.

"I'm glad she's gone," said Miss Susan, "she's

such a selfish creature, that Elizabeth, never taking the least trouble about poor dear papa, but always attending to her own amusements, even when he's so wretchedly ill as at present. He's very ill, isn't he?"

"Oh, very," replied Mr. Tyem, in the tone of a man answering a question to which he feels an affirmative answer is the only welcome one—"I should say he can't last a day."

There was a pause after that, during which the young lady again hid the red peak of her nose behind the pocket handkerchief.

Mr. Tyem respected the sufferings of an amiable daughter in these distressing circumstances, and half made up his mind to propose on the spur of the moment.

"Is the will all signed?" inquired the tender-hearted girl, with a catch in the voice, that before friendly auditors might have been considered a very good imitation of a sob.

"Oh, yes, Miss Hibbert! I took care to attend particularly to your interest."

"And does the same will carry land as well as movables?"

"Be quite easy, my dear young lady, don't agitate your sympathising heart at this most trying crisis. May I assure you, that in me you will find a person who will never neglect your interests, and to whom your happiness will always be—"

"Ha! ha! air here! air! I can't get breath!" cried the sufferer, as if he were in reality choking—"take that girl off my neck—her arms suffocate me."

Mr. Tyem dropped the hand he had taken in the zeal of his protestations; and Miss Hibbert, telling her father to be quiet, rang the bell and sent out for the assistance of a nurse. Mr. Tyem, finding no further opportunity of showing his devotedness and admiration, gathered up his blue bag and retired; and Miss Hibbert, drawing her chair to the fire, and putting her feet on the fender, fell into a reverie, in which Willerdoz Hall, and a vast deal of ready money beside, played no inconsiderable part. In the mean time, Mr. Hibbert lay back in his arm-chair, pale and speechless, and struggling for breath; for Death's grasp was growing tighter and tighter, like the coils of a boa constrictor, round the writhing and panting carcass of a tiger.

#### CHAPTER III.

In about a week, the shutters were all closed in No. 7, and the grief of Miss Hibbert seemed nearly insupportable, and had such an effect on her temper, that she did not scold anybody, not even her sister, for three whole days. She sat in her own room, laying out her future plans. Her detestation of her present suburban residence rose into a fury, now that she had it in her power to leave it; and she determined, as soon as the funeral was over, to go down and take possession of Willerdoz Hall. She determined, at the same time, to alter her course of life: ambition had lain dormant for many years, in that very flat and very acidulated bosom; but now she made up her mind to make the most of her situation, and act up to the dignity of her rank. She was one of those individuals who think it a duty they owe to the public at large, and themselves in particular, to exact their extreme rights in all cases whatever; and that the best way of getting on in the world, is never to lay yourself under an obligation to another, if possible; and, at all events, never to lay any person whatever under an obligation to you. An amiable class of people, who invariably lay claim to the approbation of the world on the strength of this very Christian disposition, as if they were setting a good example of self-reliance and independence. By the time she had settled all her concerns entirely to her own satisfaction, a long procession started from No. 7 to the parish church; sorrowful peals were rung all day; hackney coaches, covered with crape, and containing all the personal and commercial friends of the defunct, followed at a slow pace an enormous hearse, ornamented with a multitude of waving plumes; and in a very few days, a great square slab of marble, sunk into the wall of the church, surmounted by a figure of charity very thinly clothed, and looking very cold and uncomfortable, announced to all who might be desirous of such information, that Mr. John Hibbert had been the best, the wisest, and most benevolent of men, and that this tribute was paid to his memory, by the most grateful and affectionate of daughters. As the epitaph was from the classical pen of Mr. Tyem, and duly charged for in his bill, we may safely enough conclude, that all the praises lavished on the deceased, were at all events not meant to be satirical, but rather a propitiatory sacrifice to the tender feelings of the afflicted heiress. As if in expectation of the good effects of this and the other instances of his regard for that most dismal young lady, he took an early opportunity of presenting himself in the little drawing-room, where, attired in deepest sables, she sat like an African Niobe, of somewhat diminutive size, all tears and white pocket handkerchief. She held out her hand listlessly, as if in the extremity of sorrow, and Mr. Tyem entered at once into the spirit of the scene, and shook it with so woe-be-gone an air, that you might have fancied he also had buried his father and succeeded to £50,000. Whether he assumed these mournful appearances in right of the contingent interests of his son, I cannot say, but it must have been something of the sort that enabled him to be so profoundly touched, for it is an ascertained thing, in all affairs of the kind, that the external demonstrations of grief bear a remarkable proportion to the internal satisfaction; and therefore, a person who is not benefited by a death, has no possible right to appear to regret it.

"I am glad to see you bear this blow so well, Miss Hibbert," he began, in a pathetic tone of voice; "to be sure it was what was to be expected from your excellent sense."

"I don't bear it well, Mr. Tyem: I'm surprised to hear you say I bear it well. I can't bear it at all. Oh dear, oh dear!"

Mr. Tyem saw he had got on the wrong tack.

"Oh, dear Miss Hibbert, your disposition is so very soft and tender. You should not take on so; indeed you should n't."

"I don't take on, Mr. Tyem; I'm surprised to hear you say I take on. I am a Christian, I hope, and though I can't help regretting poor dear papa—Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Come, come, I see you are making noble struggles to subdue your natural feelings. You must n't dwell on such sorrowful subjects always. Life is all before you—the admiration of all who make your acquaintance, the affection of some who know you well. Ah!"

Miss Hibbert buried her face deeper in her handkerchief, to give herself time to think. The tone of voice struck her as something different from what she had ever heard before. Indeed, the combination of such words as admiration and affection with her name was enough to startle her. "Has this fellow the audacity," she thought, "to fancy he can talk me over?" She felt so convinced of her own ugliness, that she was sure nobody would even pay her compliments, unless for the sake of her money, and therefore speeches of the kind now adventured by Mr. Tyem, were so many cautions to her to beware of robbery.

"You have many friends, Miss Hibbert?"

"No, I have no friends. I never had a friend in my life, and never wished to, and that's more," she answered rather snappishly.

"A noble, independent spirit; I honor you for it. It is only silly creatures that rely on friends—I mean of their own sex, of course. Men—some of them, at least—can enter into your feelings—and—"

"I don't want anybody to enter into my feelings; and I can assure you, for your comfort, Mr. Tyem, that I am perfectly able to take care of myself."

The bitter tone and sharp look this was said with, were, perhaps, only a different manifestation of the dutiful grief that consumed her. To ordinary mortals it would have appeared very like an outbreak of ill-nature; but Mr. Tyem's breast was double-stepped. His waistcoat and fine gold chain would have resisted a sharper lunge than that, and he proceeded, in sublime unconsciousness of the impression he was making.

"You will lead a happy life at Willerdoz Hall, Miss Hibbert; I envy the families in the neighborhood—you will be such an acquisition."

"Shall I? Oh?"

"Do you doubt it? Your modesty is too great. I'm only afraid your new friends will make you forget your old ones—do you think they will?"

"I told you before I had n't any friends to forget."

"Oh, but you were wrong—you were indeed—you have friends, Miss Hibbert—attached ones—I can assure you I!"

"Drew up my father's will, and think you can throw dust in my eyes. Why don't you go to my sister?" she said, breaking out.

"Your sister! 'pon my honor, my dear Miss Hibbert, you astonish me! And if I did draw my father's will—or if I ventured to suggest anything to him about a preference of one daughter to another—"

"Oh! don't try to persuade me of that. I knew what my papa meant to do all along; he never could abide Elizabeth, and no wonder; she never loved him as I did. Oh dear, oh dear!"

"I am well aware of that. All the friends of the family are aware of it. The only wonder is, that my deceased friend left her so well off as he did."

"I wonder at it too," said the young lady, laying aside her pocket handkerchief; "a hundred a-year is a very good income."

"It is indeed; and then there's the chance of the estate, and all the property. I think she has a very fair chance."

"What right have you to say you think she has a fair chance?" exclaimed the indignant heiress, in the tone of a hyena interrupted in gnawing a bone.

"I consider you very impertinent in saying anything of the kind—very indelicate and insulting."

"Why—what have I done to offend you, my dear miss? I merely alluded to the fact, that in case of your having no children."

"I have children! what do you mean, talking such detestable language to me, sir? I won't be insulted by you nor any one else, sir. I see your object, sneaking here like a paltry, pitiful lawyer as you are, and talking gross improprieties. If you're no gentleman, I'll show you I'm a lady. Leave the house, sir. Send me in your bill, and if I approve the items, I'll pay it; but never speak to me, or show yourself to me again, sir!"

Mr. Tyem saw, in direct proximity with his face, a little red visage inflamed with anger; there was an uneasy jerking about the lady's arms, as if she longed to exercise her nails on his nose, and altogether the voice and attitude were so determined, that he saw it was in vain to offer the least explanation; so, in a state of great terror and dismay, he rushed from the room, and nearly broke his neck in projecting himself down the stairs.

"She, indeed!" continued the irritated heiress, whose blood was now fairly up. "She have a very fair chance! I'll teach her what her chance is worth!" and, like a hollow shot with the fusee lighted and all ready to explode, she burst into the bed-room of the astonished Elizabeth, who was sitting in an easy chair, looking more beautiful than ever in her deep mourning, and reading the *Scottish Chiefs*.

The two sister made as complete a contrast as can well be conceived. Elizabeth, radiant with good nature, and the inward sunshine that proceeded from the very desirable quality of her mind—equal to a good conscience itself in its beneficial effects on the complexion—which enabled her to cast off all care and uneasiness whatever; and Susan bursting with rage and spite; the more, perhaps, when she perceived the imperturbability of her thoughtless victim.

"I want to know Elizabeth," she began abruptly, "what your plans are—I'm going to Willerdoz Hall next week."

"And am I not to go with you?" asked Elizabeth, closing her book, and putting a ribbon mark at the scene between Wallace and Helen Marr in the Tower.

"I wonder you can ask such a question. After the way you've always behaved to my poor dear papa, I can't expect you would behave any better to me."

"And where in all the world am to go?" inquired the bewildered girl, forgetting all about Helen Marr and Wallace. "I have no friend to go to."

"What! no friend, with all the beauty and captivating manners, and all that, that the Formans are always talking about? oh, you must have many friends that will be delighted to have you. You have a good income too—a very good income; I don't know how I am to pay it, I'm sure. But papa was always too generous."

"Susan, are you serious in what you are saying now; or is it said only in fit of passion?"

"A passion!—what makes you fancy I'm in a passion? I'm never in a passion. No. I've been thinking the matter over, and once for all you shan't live with me. See what your friends will do for you."

"And do you call yourself a sister, behaving in the way you do?" said Elizabeth, rising up, and assuming the dignity given her by her outraged feelings and growing indignation. "You are older many years, you should be a mother to me; you throw me from you before my father is well cold in his grave—you turn me into a world of which I know nothing, friendless—homeless—deserted—and all for what? I'm sure I have done nothing to offend you."

"Oh no! nothing to offend me; only crossed me in everything, and shown your hatred to me in all possible ways—that's all. But it won't do; the house is mine now, and I will be mistress of it. I will have nobody with me that takes offence and flies into passions at everything I do. I won't be treated as you treated poor papa."

Elizabeth was a girl of great beauty, great simplicity, and no pretensions either to abilities or fine education, for she had neither the one nor the other; but she had a right feeling heart, and some little pride of her own, though she concealed it so well. But now, when she saw the object of her sister, she disdained further controversy, and perhaps startled that young lady—who had expected a fierce encounter—with her calmness and dignity, more than if she had burst out into a tempest of indignation.

"I see what you mean"—she said—"and shall trouble you with my presence no more. You have repelled me from you when I wished to love you; you have thrown away the affection of a person who would have clung to you, if you had shown that you had any value for her attachment. I leave this house to-day; and as we are never to meet again, remember I lay the blame of this separation on you. If I am unhappy in life, I charge your conscience with the guilt of it; if I die, you shall answer for it. And now we part. It is for ever." She turned away as she said this: and Susan, after vainly attempting once or twice to make some answer, mumbled a few inarticulate words, and tossing her head to conceal her discomfiture, stalked insolently out of the room.

In a week from that time, a post-chaise, containing two females, and loaded with a profusion of bags and band-boxes, drove up to the entrance of Willerdoz Hall. A man-servant opened the door, and out of the post-chaise stepped a little person, in a sky-blue silk pelisse, with a red nose, and very little eyes, and an expression of face that said plainly—why, I declare, it's nobody but our sweet friend, Susan Hibbert! The other female was dressed more plainly, and while the people about the house were engaged in emptying the chaise, she went up to the lady of the mansion, and said, "please ma'am, I means to go back in that ere chaise."

"Oh, you do? do you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I would n't stay with no lady as behaves as you does, no, not for twenty times your wages—I never see you before to-day, and I'll take famous good care I never sees you again."

"Why, what could the people at the servants' bazar mean by recommending such an insolent creature to any lady?"

"I don't think as you're much of a one. And so, if you please, I goes back in that ere chaise. Don't take out my box, if you please, I'm agoing back again."

"Then you don't go back at my expense, that's all," said Miss Hibbert. "Driver, I pay no back fare for this young woman; she must settle with you for that herself. Here's a shilling for you—you've driven twelve miles."

"A shilling for twelve miles, ma'am! We never gets less than threepence a mile from nobody."

"Oh, then, if you don't like the shilling, you needn't take it all—I will never be imposed on."

"Ye see, ma'am, we boys gets no regular wages; we trusts entirely to the generosity of the gentle-folks."

"Well, have n't I offered you a shilling? Will you take it or not?"

The professional dignity of the post-boy was roused. "No, ma'am, I won't take a shilling for twelve miles from nobody."

"Then so much the better for me," said the generous lady, "for now I won't give you a farthing—and I've a great mind to write to your master to complain of your insolence. I never was so insulted in my life."

As by this time the luggage was all carried into the hall, Miss Hibbert walked proudly into her mansion, where she had previously sent down two maids and a footman; she shut the door with her own fair hands, with a force that showed she was determined to maintain a vigorous defence against any attempt at a siege, leaving the new-come maid and the post-boy—an old man, by-the-bye, of about sixty—looking at each other with an expression of considerable bewilderment.

"Well, I never see sich a critter no where," said the Abigail.

"She's reg'lar vicious, and no mistake," said the unfortunate Jehu, as if in chorus. "But step in, young woman. I'll take you back to our hotel—and I'm blest if you aint a real lucky one to get out o' the hands of sich a varmint."

The scene at the hall door had a wonderful effect on the spirits of the domestics inside. They had been laughing and joking all the morning, but whether it was from respect for the dignity of their new mistress, or some other cause, they laughed, and joked no longer. You would have thought they had all of a



happen been found guilty of murder, and were that moment on the eve of execution.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The Formans at No. 9. were the best people in the world—in their way; all praiseworthy individuals every one, though in all human probability their manners would have been considered rather peculiar than otherwise at Almack's. The father was a perfect basha in his office, snubbed his clerks, and strutted about as if the room was a great deal too tight to hold him; but he was a very little man at home, and would have fitted into a cupboard. All his immense dignity evaporated on the omnibus or the two horse coach, for in those days omnibuses were in the future tense; and by the time he tripped the little straight walk, he was a perfect specimen of the good Samaritan in gray knee-breeches and long gaiters. His wife was always at the front door to receive him, and generally his three daughters were waiting in the little passage or on the stairs. Then there was such a shaking of hands and kissing, and all manner of slapping on the back and bare shoulders, so that you would have said they had not seen each other for a month at least. Dolly took his hat; Sally unbuttoned his gaiters, and Pug brought him his slippers, and he at last attained the drawing-room, attended by a suite as if he had been a foreign ambassador, or a Roman general enjoying an ovation. A fastidious critic might have objected to the girls that they were too fat and stumpy to have stood for the three Graces, but in spite of their fatness and stumpiness, there was something far from disagreeable in their round shining cheeks and smiling lips, and mischievous black eyes. For my part, I delight in ugly people when they look good natured; but that is a contradiction in terms, and I am ready to fight a duel with blunderbusses and broadswords, with any man who will say that any one of the Formans, Dolly, or Sally, or Pug, was in any respect deserving of the epithet ugly. There was, by the greatest good luck in the world, a nice little bed-room to spare, with clean white dimity curtains, new carpet, dressing-table, and a great pier glass—and if I had been a fairy I should have liked nothing better than to have stepped in some fine morning and looked into the bed; for there I should have seen the fine healthy face of Elizabeth Hibbert smiling in happy dreams, and with the very faintest dimple still perceptible, being not yet quite filled up after all last night's laughing. Elizabeth was happier than she had ever been before. At first she thought all the kindness of the Formans put on, as she had sometimes seen the amiable Susan very soft and even insinuating in the midst of her greatest rages, and expected every hour to see them burst out in their real characters. But day after day wore away; Mrs. Forman treated her exactly like the three girls, which was the very kindest thing she could do; Mr. Forman got gradually on, till at last he slapped her shoulders, or pulled her ear, or kissed her cheek, as if she had been Pug or Sally. It was so new a thing to Elizabeth to be kindly treated—or even spoilt a little, if the truth must be owned—that it awoke new feelings in her altogether. She loved the Formans, and felt a positive delight in loving them; for in that inexperienced heart there was a wonderful pleasure in feeling attached to any one. She thought them all beautiful—even Pug. Now Pug had received that name in a moment of inspiration from her father, she was so like one of the little black-faced, bright-eyed, quick-looking dogs known by that denomination; and it had stuck to her ever since. There was an old tradition in the family, countenanced in some degree by an entry in the family bible, that she had been christened Sophia Matilda; but this was gradually wearing away, and there was every probability that a few more years would efface it entirely; for Pug seemed so infinitely more natural, that it would have looked very like affectation to have called her anything else. And when I have said that Elizabeth thought even Pug beautiful, you may guess what a famous painter affection is, and how it softens away disagreeable features, and improves good ones, as if it were Chalon. And if she thought Pug beautiful, I wonder what she thought Sally, with her nice little dumpy figure and animated face; or Dolly, with her glossy ringlets hanging all over her snow-white neck? She thought them Duchesses of Sutherland, and if she had studied Lempriere, would have had a very low opinion of Venus, in comparison with either of them. And there were other people, too, beside Elizabeth, that thought the Formans worth fifty heaven goddesses all in a row. There was a young stock-broker, a very good-looking man, that had his coats from Stulz, and kept a cab, and was in very good business, that if he had not altogether proposed to Sally, was on the very point of doing so, and called very often, and never refused an invitation to dinner, and always sat next Sally, and even asked her to take a potatoe, with so sweet a voice and soft a look, that you might have fancied he was asking her to take him. And, in fact, there could be no doubt about it; and Mr. Forman was delighted, and Mrs. Forman became so confoundingly conceited, that you might have thought all these flatteries had been addressed to her. And, in short, before Elizabeth had been domiciled a month, the proposal was actually made, and Sally was very soon to become Mrs. William Smillom. Oh, it was delightful from that moment to see the whole family, Elizabeth included. There was more slapping and kissing than ever when Mr. Forman returned from the city; and it was unanimously agreed that Elizabeth's arrival was the most fortunate thing in the world, for it would just keep up the family number after Sally went away; and she was formally presented with the reversion of Sally's office, which consisted in taking the old gentleman's hat. It made her about as happy as the reversion of the chancellorship would make me. Now Mr. William Smillom was a most excellent man of business—but did not tell you he had his coats from Stulz, and kept a cab? He was of a very ambitious soul, and despised trades-people, except in business hours. From ten till four he was as industrious as a man could be; and grudging neither toil nor trouble in the way of business; but exactly as the clock struck four, he was a new man—away flew the pen, on went the coat; a little pocket-comb did the honors of his top-

knot; he washed his hands; waved a towel slightly over his boots; and, in about twenty minutes, might be seen trotting down Regent street, or crossing into the Park, in a very handsome cab, with a little tiger in the Smillom livery, holding on behind. Any body who did not know it was paid for, might have taken the whole turn-out for a lord's. And his friends were scarcely less fashionable than his coats and cab. He was an amazing judge of all things pertaining to mode and manner, dress and address, and selected his acquaintance with a strict regard to their gentlemanly appearance; if he did strain a point or two, 'twas in favor of a real *bona fide* title. He would have been delighted to have strutted up St. James' street with the very ugliest of the baronets, or the most contemptible looking of the lords; but in anything below a knight, he exacted, as the great condition of his friendship, that he should be gentlemanly in appearance. You are therefore not to wonder that the ladies at No. 9. looked forward with great expectation to the introduction of Mr. Frederick Selby, who had expressed a great wish to make the acquaintance of the Formans, and whom Mr. William Smillom had promised to drive down to dinner. On the day he was to come, Dolly put on a new gown, and dressed herself with such amazing care, that any body might have seen in a moment that she meditated a severe attack on the new comer; even Pug laid every ornament in her possession on her funny little person, on that portentous day. It was evident the proposal of Mr. Smillom to Sally had set them all on the alert for a similar demonstration to themselves; and they would probably have answered, if they had been asked what was the chief end of man, to pop the question. Mr. Smillom came, and brought Mr. Selby with him, and certainly he never did a stupider thing in his life; for there was something in Mr. Selby's manner and appearance, so different from anything that had ever been seen in No. 9, even in Mr. Smillom himself—who had hitherto been the standard as to all matters of politeness and good looks—that they unanimously concluded he was the Lord Chamberlain in disguise, or master of the ceremonies to the Lord Mayor himself. And Mr. Smillom fell immediately in the estimation of all, except Sally, from being the first man in Rome to the second in Paradise Row. Frederick was the grandson of a baronet, the son of a general, the cousin of two or three lords, and, by his mother's side, traced up to the Scottish kings, so that Mr. Smillom, when any thing was said disrespectful to the memory of Charles the First, apologized to his friend, as if it had been an attack on a near relation. He had no profession, but was in daily expectation of one; indeed, he had had that comfortable expectation almost the whole of his life—for at some remote period, a distant cousin had told him he was a smart fellow, and ought to go out in the diplomatic line; then he had been told by another, he had better get an appointment in the colonies; and so he read the newspapers in his club, and dined out wherever he was asked, till something of the kind should fall in his way. But as to taking any active steps in the matter himself, he never thought any thing of the sort at all needful; he had a small fortune—very small, had no expensive habits, and was so confirmed an optimist that it was impossible for any disappointment to ruffle his happiness for an hour. Dolly Forman thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen, and in this she was not mistaken, and couldn't help blessing her stars a thousand times over that Sally was disposed of, and therefore could not stand in her way. But a cloud, for the first time since Elizabeth's arrival, fell on the brow of Mrs. Forman, when she saw the captivated looks that Frederick cast across the table where she sat, the whole time of dinner, and how he followed her slightest motion, and smiled when by chance she looked at him. The appalling truth burst on the good old lady's understanding, that there was not one of her daughters to be compared to Elizabeth Hibbert; no, nor all three of them put together: for now she saw the futility of all the plans she had fallen upon to delude herself as to the beauty of her children. She used to think that Sally was not perhaps quite so beautiful at first sight, but had a most captivating mole which Elizabeth wanted; then Dolly had much longer teeth, and showed a great deal more of them when she laughed; and even Pug had a smaller foot, although it was a good deal broader; but now she saw that other people judged differently, and cared very little, in comparison, for the mole of Sally, and the long white teeth of Dolly, and Pug's stumpy little foot. And yet they were both so open and so natural—the gentleman no less than the lady—that it was impossible to be angry; and when she saw them together at the piano, and heard their happy voices, she couldn't help thinking that they had been intended for each other by nature. And so thought Frederick Selby. What Elizabeth thought I have no intention to tell, but the first thought, whatever it was, became strengthened every day; for regularly every day Frederick found some excuse or other for coming to No. 9; and at last, in three or four months, he came down one morning, and told them he had got an appointment in some far-away place—I forget the name of it—in South America, and must sail from Portsmouth in a month. The Formans were all so happy, and shook hands with him again and again, in the warmth of their congratulations. Elizabeth only shook his hand once, and at that moment, by some chance or other, there came a great round tear into the corner of her eye. Frederick was more delighted with that one short silent shake of the hand, than with all the boisterous demonstrations of the rest; and after a couple of days' deep thinking, he rushed down to No. 9 in an agony of expectation, and asked Elizabeth if she would go with him to his new situation? Elizabeth had found it so new a thing to be heartily and truly loved, that she loved Frederick with all her heart in return—out of pure gratitude. And I feel certain, if the world had been four times the size, and he had asked her to go with him to the other end of it, she would not have hesitated a minute; so, of course, she did not hesitate a moment in only going with him to South America. It was a tremendously busy month for all parties concerned; for Mr. Smillom determined to take advantage of the opportunity, and be married

at the same time. All the milliners in the neighborhood were pressed into the service. Frederick wrote and announced his approaching departure to his consulship, and his marriage to Elizabeth, to his few remaining friends; for his father and mother had long been dead, and only his brother, a curate, came up from Devonshire to be introduced to his future sister-in-law. He had come up, determined to try to stop the scheme if he could, or, at all events, to see if there was any money to be expected with the bride; but when he saw her and spoke to her, and discovered what a clear-hearted simple creature she was, he never said a word, either about her fortune or any thing else, but her beauty and good qualities. Old Mr. Forman knew nothing about Mr. Hibbert's will; Elizabeth only knew that Susan had told her she had to pay her a hundred a-year, and grudging it; and Frederick, on being informed of it, told her he would see Susan at the ——— (a very bad word should be inserted here,) before he would accept a sixpence. Elizabeth consulted her friends, whether she wouldn't write and apprise Susan of what was going to happen, but Frederick again said, he would see her at the ———, (the same bad word is understood,) before he would allow a syllable to be said to such a detestable, unnatural old maid. So amid the kindnesses and blessings of strangers, Elizabeth, the pure and good, was led up to the altar, and gave her hand where she had already given her heart, to a man who would not have exchanged a glance of her eye for all the wealth of the Indies; and in ten days after the wedding she sat on the deck of a gallant ship that was ploughing its way down the Channel, and saw night fall on the white cliffs of Cornwall; and bade a last farewell to England.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Did Mr. Augustus tell you where he was gone to," said a stout gentleman, considerably on the wrong side of fifty, to one of the clerks in a dark office, in a dingy lane near the bank. "Yes, sir: he has just drove down to Tarsell's, to hear about his roan filly. She's backed against the Priam colt, and Mr. Augustus is trying to hedge, never so." "Hem," mumbled the senior, and walked into the private room. "This bad health of Miss Hibbert, and the certainty of her succession, has turned the boy's brain. Business neglected, race-horses kept, and every extravagance indulged. What a lucky thing that girl died, and Susan has never married! though, edad!" he added, "she might have done worse than try her fortune with Joe Tyem. 'Twas a pretty day's work that of mine, putting Gusty's name in the will; and the rent charge I've secured on the succession; and eight hundred a year will be a very nice thing to retire on, and shows the boy's gratitude, too, poor fellow; though, after all, he might just as well have made it the thousand, as I asked him." You would scarcely recognize the jaunty attorney—the carrier of the blue bag—the drawer of Mr. Hibbert's will—the proposer for Miss Hibbert's hand—in the phlegmatic individual who was indulging in these meditations. Twenty years have passed and gone since the close of the last chapter. Napoleon has died upon his rock, and dynasties have been overthrown, and kings crowned, and others banished: there have been wars and rumors of wars, and the whole world has undergone a wondrous change; for Steam, which we left in his cradle, is now a grown giant, shaking earth and heaven. No wonder, therefore, that a change has also taken place on the personages of our story, and on the bodily configuration of Mr. Tyem. "Ha, old un, how aint you?" exclaimed Augustus, familiarly slapping his respectable ancestor on the shoulder, "caught you in a brown study—eh?" "How can you be so thoughtless, Gusty?" replied the ancient, in not the best of humors. "Haven't you heard Miss Hibbert is much worse?" "Haven't I? that's all. Bought another horse on the strength of it this very morning. She can't hold out long." "No; and therefore, my boy, I think you ought to be on the spot, or at all events in the neighborhood, to see that no damage is done to your property. Have you heard anything about the savings? they must be immense." "All in hard guineas, tied up in old stockings, or sewed into chair bottoms. Capital fun it will be finding out all her posies! I only wish we could get quit of that Miss Jones!" "Pooh, never mind her. I know all about her. She's been so bullied, rely on it, by the old taby, that she'll be easily bullied by any body. Out with her, Gusty, the very first thing—neck and crop out by the window, if she doesn't go quietly by the door; but search her boxes, boy—be sure you search her boxes." "Well, do you think she's going to make a die of it immediately?" "Hem: I do not know; better go down on the chance." "I go down? why, if it was her last breath, she would spend it all in ordering me out of the house." "It's a custom she has with our family, boy; but never mind. You go down to the Aylward arms, and be on the look-out for squalls. Send for me the moment it happens, and I'll come down with the needful deeds. Don't lose a moment. Who knows but we may come in for some of the hidden treasures you talk of, if we can get into possession at once? If we do not, that little minx—a Welshwoman, of course—that Miss Jones, and the parson, will lay their hands on all. Mem., my boy, the furniture is conveyed by the will; and, luckily, I've kept the inventory. So be off: don't say a word; but write to me by tomorrow's post how the land lies." "Well, I suppose I had better," said Augustus, who did not seem quite as keen on the matter as his more prudent sire. He, nevertheless, lost no time in driving down in his beautiful yellow tilbury, with red wheels, to the Aylward Arms, which was the name of an inn about half a mile from the Willerdon Hall estate. It was four o'clock when he arrived, on a beautiful day in July: and, after duly attending to his horse, and giving the hostler a volunteer opinion, that

all the posters in the stable were infernal screws, he was shown into the small apartment on the ground-floor, which, by courtesy, was called the coffee-room, there being no private room at that moment unoccupied. "Ah, so much the better," said Mr. Augustus; "I hate private rooms, especially when I am on the hunt for information. I'll just have a chop or so, by way of a brightener, and then proceed to work like a Trojan." He accordingly gave his order in a magisterial tone, for the purpose of impressing the waiter with an idea that he was a prince in disguise; and, whether in consequence of this dignified manner or not it is impossible to say, but, at the end of a very few minutes, Mr. Augustus saw before him a very nice smoking dish of veal cutlets, with all proper accompaniments; a tankard of brown stout and a pint of sherry not being omitted. "Waiter," he said, with his mouth nearly filled with meat and potatoes—for he was determined to lose no time in commencing his inquiries—"you know Willerdon Hall, of course?" "Yes sir: the outside on it." "Ah, very good. What, not very hospitable—eh? The old lady's close, is she?" "Her doors is, sir." "But they're open sometimes, surely. Does nobody go near her?" "Oh yes; Parson Aylward is there very often, especially since Miss Jones went there." "He's fond of Miss Jones, then, this parson—eh?" "Oh yes; she lived with her afore she went to the Hall." "The deuce she did!" mused Mr. Augustus. "Ah, now I see it all—a regular plot between Jennie Jones and the parson. And Miss Hibbert's very ill—isn't she?" he continued aloud. "Yes, our doctor went up and bled her two days since." "Not very easy to bleed—eh?" said the facetious gentleman, winking to the waiter; "rather dry, Peter." "My name's Joseph, sir." "Well, never mind; did any blood come, Joe?" "—eh?" "Can't say, sir—coming, sir." This latter very unusual form of speech was addressed to a young man who at that moment came into the coffee-room, and called for a bill of fare. "It's a pity, sir," said Joe to the stranger, "that this gentleman has just begun, or you might have joined company, p'raps." The stranger looked toward our friend Augustus, and did not seem very much disappointed at having missed the pleasure of his society. "I would rather dine alone," he said: "let me have anything you've got." "I recommend their veal cutlets," interposed Mr. Augustus; "they're amazing good, considering it's so far in the country this here hotel." The stranger bowed, and repeated his order. Mr. Augustus resumed his labors; and at intervals, as he could catch the attention of that most unenvied pluralist, Mr. Joe, continued his inquiries about the inmates of the hall. "I say, Joe," he began, when that functionary was placing the cheese on the stranger's table—"is this Miss Jones good-looking at all?" "Oh, beautiful, sir," said Joe. "Oh! I smell a rat, Joe. The parson's very sweet on her, you say? Sly old rogue the parson! How old is she, Joe?" "About seventeen or eighteen, I should think, sir; but I do not know." "Never looked in her mouth—eh?" The stranger seemed gradually to become more interested in the conversation, and almost repented he had refused the offered society of the inquirer. "Is this Miss Hibbert going to make a die of it, do you think?" "Do not know, sir; but she's a tough one: it will take summat to kill her." "Do you think Miss Jones would see a gentleman if he called on her, Joe?" "I beg your pardon," interposed the stranger; "do you speak of Miss Jones, the friend of Miss Hibbert, of Willerdon Hall?" "Yes," replied Mr. Augustus. "I should like to say a few words to her. Just to hear the exact state of health the old lady is actually in. Reports are very strong that she's dying." "Perhaps, sir, when the waiter is gone, you will let me speak to you on that subject." "With all my heart. Bring your bottle—a half-pint, I see; 'pon my soul, I'm ashamed of this generation—and we'll talk as long as ever you like. I'm fond of society." Society, however, did not seem to be very fond of him, for there was a look about the gentleman, who now drew his chair to the table of Mr. Augustus, which showed that his movement had a different object from the pleasure of making that individual's acquaintance. And, after all, Augustus was not a very captivating character at first sight. He had the lightest possible hair; he was dressed in a bright green coat and flashy-colored waistcoat, and spoke in a shrill loud voice, and altogether comported himself in a way that, by some mysterious concatenation of ideas, always called up the most vivid images of horsewhips and kickings down stairs. "Well, sir," he said, lighting a cigar with an unfailing lucifer, and taking his first whiff, "you said you would talk to me on a certain subject. Talk away." "I heard you mention the family of Willerdon Hall. Do you know them?" "Come, now, that's coming it a little too strong. Why, you're turning me into the witness-box, when all I bargained for was to have a social chat. Why do you wish to know?" "Because I am deeply interested in one of those ladies." "So am I. Deeper than you a cursed sight, and no mistake." "Perhaps not in the same," said the stranger, with a smile. "I give up the old lady entirely to you." "Do you? Then you're a good fellow. Oho! you're after the young one, eh?" The stranger nodded.



"Well, I don't care if I give you a helping hand. I'm up to a spree at the shortest notice. How can I assist you?"

"I heard you ask if Miss Jones was likely to see a gentleman if he called on her. I thought, perhaps you had some business at the house, and might"—

"Tip her a note, or whisper an appointment? Oh Lord, I'm delighted with the fun!"

"Will you help me?"

"Tell me how to do it; for the fact is, that though I'm a mighty deal more anxious than you to get my foot inside the door, I can't hit on any plan to make good an entrance."

"I think we can manage it, if you agree to what I propose. Stop, let me ring the bell. Joe, bring a bottle of claret, clear the decks, and let us start with a bumper. Now, sir, fire away!"

"My great object is to get Miss Jones away from Miss Hibbert."

"Gad, my boy, so's mine; but what will you do with her when you get her away?"

"Marry her."

"Marry her!—oh crikey!—I thought you was only up to a lark." Mr. Augustus filled out another glass. "This looks very bad," he thought. "This here bird wouldn't think of marriage if the jade hadn't secured the old lady's tin—all the spoons at any rate—blow'd if she aint both the maid and the magpie all in one."

"You seem astonished, sir; but if you knew how I am placed."

"Hard up, eh?—uncle, and all that? Has she any power?"

"I don't know, and don't care, I'm rich enough for both. I'll tell you how it is, sir, and then I'm sure you'll not hesitate to assist me."

"What, to get her away from the old varmint?—not an instant—I'll go through fire and water; but, let's hear your tale—drink, boys, drink, and drive away sorrow."

"Three years ago, she came to live at the house of my tutor, a clergyman in the north—she was then sixteen. I was three years older—we very soon became attached—our love was soon discovered."

"I've always said," interrupted Mr. Augustus, "there ought certainly to be a founding hospital in every parish—but go on."

"My tutor, who was a relation—uncle he said—though I know he had no brother of that name"—

"Bah, man! she was his daughter—nothing's commoner than to hide it by a different name. Why was the Fitzroys called Fitzroy, but to hide that they were children of George the Third? It's always the way."

"Well—but in this case it was different. He had scruples about allowing the engagement to go on, for he said she was poor, and my father was then alive. And when I wrote to him about it, he also opposed it. Susannah was therefore sent away."

"Ah! them Susannahs are always persecuted by the elders!" said Mr. Augustus.

"They never told me her place of concealment, but luckily I have now discovered it. She promised me, that if, when I was my own master, I still continued to love her, she would be my wife. I have written to her at Willerdon Hall, and my letters have all been returned unopened."

"You can't have paid the postage. Old Miss Hibbert never opens an unpaid letter."

"I am afraid it arises from something worse. I hear Miss Hibbert is a very crabbed, ill-tempered, old woman; she perhaps tyrannizes over her."

"You may take your oath of that, unless she's quite changed from the time father knew her."

"Now, I don't like to go up to the Hall myself, till I know more about my position; but if some friend"—

"Would step up and do the needful, you would be very much obliged?—but how am I to do it?"

"Why, if you would really take the trouble, I don't see what's to prevent you from going up and offering your services, now that Miss Hibbert is so ill, as a London physician sent to give your opinion by the clergyman of the parish, Mr. Aylward."

"That's the old boy that Miss Jones stayed with before she came to live at the Hall? He'll find it out, to a certainty."

"Never mind. You'll be far away by that time, and will have done a particular kindness to me."

"And to myself too," said Mr. Augustus. "And I'll have a touch at the old varmint's pulse in half-an-hour from this time, or I'm a Dutchman. What's your name?"

"Harry Millard, of Colme Abbey. She'll know."

"Have you got a license? I'll bring her down here directly."

"Not quite so quick as that," said Harry Millard, with a smile, "ask if I may see her for five minutes sometime this evening. I've much to say."

"I dare say you have. You're a rum one, you are; but stay you quietly here, and I'll bring or send you word as soon as I can. What gammon it is!" he muttered, as he walked off to enact the part of a disciple of Esculapius—"in this Mr. Millard—a tip-top sawyer, I see by the looks of him—to run his rigs on me about marriage, with this here Jennie Jones I'll have a look at her boxes, as father advised, before I let her off the premises. If I were her next of kin, I would prosecute for loss of services. I've known good damages in a case of the very same kind."

#### CHAPTER VI.

The twenty years that had wrought such changes on the world at large, had not been without their effect on our old friend, Miss Hibbert. At first, when she had taken up her residence at the Hall, the neighbors had all called to welcome her to the county; but, somehow or other, none of them seemed to have been so prepossessed by their reception, as ever to have repeated the visit. Susan had grown bitterer and bitterer every year, as it is the nature of bitters to do. Anxious to marry, in order to spite poor Elizabeth, when she found out at first that she had nothing more to fear from her—as the annuity never being claimed, clearly proved that she had died; and the sad news was confirmed to her by the Formans, to whom she had actually taken the trouble to apply for information; and finally, all doubt was removed

by a notice of her decease in the newspapers—her anger and apprehension took a different direction, and day and night she fancied she saw the hateful visage of Mr. Tyem gloating over the prospect of his succession. And when she pictured to herself the triumph of the attorney and his son, she almost wished she had not been quite so severe on the faults of her poor sister; for, you will observe, she had impressed herself so vividly with the belief that Elizabeth had treated her very ill, that even remorse did not altogether discover the truth to her in all its extent; but—instead of the unvarying clamor she used to make, to all who came within speaking distance, of the great provocations she had received from Elizabeth, and the angelic way she had borne them for many years, till at last they had become really intolerable—she was now sometimes quite pathetic after her fashion, which bore a great outward resemblance to rage and bitterness, on the early death of the poor persecuted girl, and wished she had lived to inherit the estate. Grief, even in this modified degree, had a softening effect on her disposition; and, by way of proving to the world at large that she possessed every virtue fit for a lady and a Christian to possess, she became ferociously charitable, and subscribed two guineas a year to a clothing society, and forced flannel jackets and double drawers of her own making on all the brawny poachers and laborers of the parish, in the middle of July. She made herself also president of a soup and scrap society, and paid inquisitorial visits to the larder of every cottager in the village; counted the number of potatoes they had boiling in the pot, and, in fact, made herself so prodigiously Samaritan, that it was quite a pleasure to see her. Good Dr. Aylward tried to moderate the transports of her zeal, but she was not to be restrained. She thought he was a hard-hearted, uncharitable man, to talk of discretion in such a cause, and despised his doctrine as cold and moral; and if it had not been that the doctor was a man of high family, and universally liked in his parish, and that it would not have been "genteel" to leave him, she would have attended the Reverend Snuffle Sybby, the owner of a chapel in the neighboring parish, who had gone through the whole gamut of religious belief—from the depths of ranting Calvinism up to the very highest notes of Pharisaism and assurance; and was at that time popular, from the force of sympathy, with all the vain and shallow-witted old maids in the vicinity. But she contended herself with looking down on her own religious instructor, and feeling that she was a great deal better than he was; a pleasing frame of mind which she enjoyed every Sunday, or indeed, every day in the week; for it occurred to her whenever she thought of her own prodigious advances in holiness and virtue. She became quite a model of the manner in which an angel would probably live, if it by any chance came to reside for a season on earth; and as even a heart such as that of the devout Susan, could hardly exist without something to like or care for, she made a display, to all who came near her, of the tenderness of her disposition, by being a great friend to the lower animals, and particularly partial to cats. It showed such a warmth of affection and gentleness of mind, that people were amazed that those amiable sentiments limited themselves so strictly to her intercourse with the four-footed creation. I have no doubt half the village of Willerdon wished they were cats; but even this state of sympathy with any living thing, was doomed to have an end. Her notions of moral virtue became so prodigiously strict, and her modesty grew so amazingly tender, that she became scandalized at certain accessions to the number of her favorites; even on the part of staid, sensible-looking old tabbies, from whom she expected better things; and when at last she perceived that her great old gray, the most steady and demure of mousers, gave symptoms that she also was about to be a "mother and no wife," she lost patience with the whole race, and expected some fearful judgment on her and her house, if she did not at once wash her hands of such a perverse generation. The cats were accordingly drummed out with every mark of disdain and abhorrence, and the mansion of Miss Hibbert became again a residence fit for Diana.

Now it happened that the good Dr. Aylward, seeing the loveliness of his heavenly-minded parishioner, took a strange fancy into his head, that the best way to turn her thoughts into a happier channel, and soften the asperities of her temper, was to show her, in the person of a sort of protégée of his, the Miss Jones we have heard so much about, how sweet and amiable a person may be, without pluming herself on those qualities at all; and he accordingly proposed to Miss Hibbert, to receive his young friend for a month or two into her house. Whether his intention in this was really to be of use to Susan, or to hide the beautiful Susannah from the pursuit of Harry Millard, I am sorry to say he failed in both objects. Harry Millard, we have seen, discovered her hiding-place, and Susan continued as bitter and self-satisfied as before. Yet there was something in the gentle looks of her new companion, that had a sedative effect on her disposition. Involuntarily, as it were, she softened beneath the smiles and unfeeling good temper of Susannah, as ice melts beneath the sun; and though still as capacious as ever in tone and manner, it is an undeniable fact, that the ill-temper was not nearly so deep-seated as before; and that occasionally, far down in the hard dry places of her heart, there welled out the smallest possible trickling of what might be called, without much exaggeration, the milk of human kindness; very skim, no doubt, but still a hundred fold better than ne milk at all. Nay, her conduct to Susannah, though harsh enough in itself, was by comparison kind and considerate. She did not remind her of her poverty more than three times a-day, or find fault with Dr. Aylward for pensioning her on her bounty more than once a-week; and, in short, conducted herself in as friendly a way as her nature would permit. Month after month passed on, and no hint of Susannah going back to the parsonage; and it began to be verily believed, that if such a thing had been proposed, Miss Hibbert would have objected to it with all her might, more especially as her health had now very much failed, and she had become used to the mild attentions of the good-hearted Susannah.

But all the attentions of the best and prettiest of nurses, cannot put off the inevitable day. Susan grew worse and worse; the village apothecary, after bleeding her, had hinted obscurely at getting further advice—the thought of the expense of which, would have more than counterbalanced the advantage of the additional skill. But if, at the same time, the benefit could be procured without the expense—

Just as vague ideas of that kind were wandering through her brain, a message was given to Miss Jones, that a medical gentleman wished to see her.

"What can the man want? I wonder those doctors can't let me alone!"—said Susan in the same charming tone; you would have sworn from the voice that she was unchanged from what she was twenty years before. "Tell him to go about his business, Susannah—turn him away, I tell you—I will not be imposed on."

Susannah left the room, to give the unexpected practitioner his dismissal.

"How do, Miss?" said the elegant Mr. Augustus. "I'm sent here, quite in a friendly way, to see if I can do any thing for Miss Hibbert. She's kicking, I hear, poor old gal—D'y'e think she'll go soon?"

"Sir?"

"Oh, bless me! Yes—I forgot—you're Miss Jones, I feel certain, from the description. Better be down on the main-gate this evening, my dear, at eight o'clock—you'll hear good news of Harry Millard—poor Harry—a jolly dog—you'll see him, perhaps, who knows?"

Saying which, and totally disregarding the effects of his abrupt communication, he put his finger to his nose, and winked in the most gentlemanly way in the world. Chesterfield would have been delighted to see him, and so would Sir Charles Grandison.

"I'm a doctor, my dear, sent here to do what I can for Miss Hibbert. Old Parson Aylward told me to come."

"You are sent here, sir, by Dr. Aylward?"

"Didn't I tell you so? Come, where's the old gal? I can't wait here all day. Don't forget the main-gate at eight o'clock. Poor Harry will die if you disappoint him. Take me to Miss Hibbert."

"If Dr. Aylward recommended you."

"Ah! that's a good gal—go on—I'll follow"—and half driving Susannah before him, he forced his way up stairs, and the poor girl, terrified and agitated, had hardly time to announce him as sent by the kind Dr. Aylward, before he burst into the room where our poor friend was sitting up in bed, propped up by pillows, and looking as if she had lunched on thunder-bolts, and they hadn't agreed with her.

"What do you want, sir? Who told you to come here, sir? Go back—not a shilling shall you get from me. I won't be imposed on."

"Nobody wants to impose upon you, as I can see," replied Augustus, half frightened at the vehemence of her indignation. "I only dropped in to see if they were treating you well, that's all."

"They're treating me very ill, sir; you're treating me very ill, sir; I've been ill-treated all my life, sir."

"So you're used to it, like the eels, eh! You take?"

"Take what, sir? I wish you would get out of the house—you had no right to come here at all without being sent for. I shan't pay: mark my words—I won't be imposed on."

"I don't want any pay. Let's have a hold at your pulse; too quick a great deal. You're in a bad way—'pon my soul—and nobody to attend you; that young woman has affairs of her own to attend to."

"Who?"

"Miss Jones—a lover, or something of that kind. She is to meet him, when it is dark, at the gate. You take?"

"Oh, la! la!" sighed Miss Susan, horror-struck at the idea, "this is worse than the cats! I'll turn her out of my house directly."

"You had better. I advise it."

"And what right have you to advise, sir? Who asked for your advice? I didn't."

"You'll take it, though. And by George, ma'am, if I were in your place, I'd not leave her a sixpence in my will. You haven't left her any legacy, have you?"

"I'll tell you what it is, sir," said Susan, sitting up by a great effort, "I believe you're sent here to kill me, by that carnal-minded, moral preacher, Dr. Aylward. And if you want to go to murder me outright, you'll go on with your insolent questions; but I'll hold you answerable for the consequences; and if I die, I trust in a bountiful Providence you'll be hanged. Go away, sir."

"Can't indeed, ma'am; professional avocations must be attended to. I think you're as ill as need be already, and I advise you to do as I tell you, just to ease your mind. If you've signed any will or other document, it's quite easy to cancel it. I can draw you a form in a minute."

"Young man," cried Miss Susan, looking at him very hard, "you're not a doctor—your voice puts me in mind of some disgusting being I have met somewhere or other—your face, too, ha! horrid! you're that nasty little wretch, young Tyem!" She fell back on making this appalling discovery, and seemed so completely bereft of strength, that Mr. Augustus thought it time to retire.

"I'll write to father this very night," he thought, as he slipped down stairs. "This old gal will be off the hooks in a few hours—and then good-by to the Poultry. I think I've settled the hash of Miss Jones, any how. There must be thousands hid away in old cupboards. I must have the house cleared out, bag and baggage, the first thing—and all I find I'll keep."

The wrath caused by the thought that the heirs were waiting so impatiently for their demise, gave a very alarming turn to Miss Hibbert's illness. She summoned the lawyer from the village—she instructed him to write a will, leaving all she possessed to Susannah; for she concluded the story of the lover was a calumny of our friend Augustus. Susannah, the servants, the lawyer, his clerk, were called into the room to witness her signature. She took the pen and dived in the ink; but her strength gave way, her hand shook convulsively—"I can't do it!" she said, and threw away the pen. When they went closer to

the pillow they found that the effort had been too much for her—and Willerdon Hall was the property of Mr. Augustus Tyem.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Harry Millard was sitting at the open window of the coffee-room, in the Aylward Arms, on the day of the funeral, wondering if Dr. Aylward would take any notice of his letter, or if Susannah had taken offence; and fifty other suppositions were flitting through his brain, without leaving any very distinct impression, when a gentleman in deep mourning stopped as he was passing, and said, "so I've found you Harry."

"My dear, sir, I'm so glad to see you," cried Harry, rushing out of the window—"Ah, now, I'm sure of a friend."

"Yes you are—but you may save yourself a long story. Dr. Aylward has told me all, and as far as I am concerned, I withdraw all opposition."

"Well, and aren't you the only person concerned, except?"—he added hesitatingly—

"Susannah herself you would say, and you feel pretty secure of her. You are rather a vain young man, Harry; but you will have a good deal to do yet before you win her. This death!"

"Has left her poor as ever, I am delighted to hear!"

"Ahem!"

"Well, poor or not; for it can't be much, as I have been told on very good authority, Mr. Augustus Tyem!"

"Ahem!"

"What is the meaning, my dear sir, of all that coughing?"

"Something sticks in my throat, that's all. But an hour or two will, perhaps, explain every thing. Have you ever seen Dr. Aylward?"

"No."

"Then come up to the parsonage: I'll introduce you."

"Shall I see her?" inquired Harry.

"Ahem!—but my cough's growing troublesome again. Come along."

In Dr. Aylward's library a deep consultation was held. Harry and the gentleman in deep mourning were very active members of the council; and it was finally decided that Harry should go on an embassy to the Hall, and invite Mr. Tyem senior and Mr. Augustus to attend the further sitting of the conclave.

Those two worthy gentlemen were at the summit of their wishes. They were sitting in the dining-room enjoying their wine, after a hurried dinner; but Augustus was every now and then looking round with an air of proprietorship, which, somehow or other, did not altogether please his progenitor.

"You might make it the thousand, Gusty."

"Can't, upon my soul, old boy; should be happy, but can't afford it. I shall cut the shop, of course; and that's a loss!"

"High time to cut it, my boy, for it is just on the point of cutting you; but you'll be famously off without it. A week or two will put you into full possession; for we can easily go to the Old Bailey, and get two or three witnesses to the death of Elizabeth Hibbert!"

"Suborination—eh? it will cost something."

"Lord bless you! I'll get two most respectable gentlemen—one the clergyman of the town, and the other the surgeon of the parish—to make oath that she died of yellow fever, after two hours' illness, in any part of the world for half-a-crown. I took the precaution, twelve years ago, to put her death in the papers, so my Old Bailey friends will have no difficulty. Fine girl, 'pon my soul; I remember her well."

"Selby died at the same time—did he?"

"Oh yes; at the same time and same price too.—However, seriously, there can be no doubt on the point. We must advertise for six months or a year, I forget which; but it's all the same. They are gone, depend on it, or the annuity would have been claimed every year. At the Foreign Office they believed Selby died immediately on his appointment; and all we have to fear is the casting up of some act of kin, and an inquiry into the savings. Old Hibbert, or even his wife is sure to have had relations."

"Did you ever hear what their mother's name was?"

"Never."

Mr. Augustus slapped his forehead, as if he had hit on a prodigious discovery. "Father, I'll bet you ten crowns to one, it was Jones, and this girl has been sent to look after her own interests."

"In this case," said the father, "we had better lose no time in rumaging the house. She was such a queer old file, I'm sure it's all in hard cash: indeed, we know she has a great deal of property somewhere at her own disposal, for she was on the very point of making a will!"

"And in favor of that girl. I'll double the odds I'm right, father: she's her cousin by the mother's side."

"Hem! I don't know," mused the father; "and yet, when I saw her the other day, it struck me she had a likeness to the Hibberts too. It may be so; and therefore we had better look sharp and overhaul the cupboards."

But just when they had arrived at this honorable resolution, Mr. Harry Millard was announced.

"'Pon my soul, glad to see ye, sir," said Mr. Augustus, holding out his hand. "This here is the gentleman, father, that put the doctor-disguise into my head. Draw in your chair, and take a glass of wine, sir: though we're rather busy just now, owing to the late melancholy event—dreadful bereavement! wasn't it, sir?"

"I am sent by Dr. Aylward, to request that you will come down to his house immediately, both of you, on business of the very greatest importance!"

"Dr. Aylward's a regular trump, I've no doubt," said Mr. Augustus; "but, if he has any business to transact, he may as well come up here—eh, father?"

"Oh no! by no means," replied Mr. Tyem; "keep them out of the house, you fool! We shall be happy to accept the Doctor's kind invitation!"

"Blowed if I walk this hot weather, then," said Augustus, sulkily. "I'll have the old lady's carriage,

and give her old nags a trot. "If you like to stay, I'll give you a lift on the box beside me."

Mr. Millard declined, with a supercilious bow.

"Oh, just as you please. How about Miss Jones?" said Augustus.

"I advise you, very sincerely, to be silent on the subject of that young lady, sir," replied Harry Millard; "I've known insolent fellows very severely kicked for impertinence of that kind."

"Oh, blast us!—you're a fire eater, are you?—Well, I didn't expect such behavior after the love message I gave her. A very nice girl that same Jennie Jones; and not so bad a speck as you thought—eh?"

Harry stepped hurriedly forward, but checked himself as he saw Mr. Augustus skip nimbly behind the window curtain. "You needn't try to carry on the joke any longer," he continued. "We know that she's looking out for a poor deceased friend's succession, though she never made any will in her favor."

"Hold your tongue, Augustus," interposed Mr. Tyem. "We have a suspicion already, sir, of the nature of the business you wish to see us on. Miss Jones is a relation of the late Miss Hibbert. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"A cousin?"

"The nearest relation, as she was the dearest, that England contains!" said Mr. Millard. "We shall see you soon; good morning."

"The nearest and dearest relation!" repeated Mr. Augustus, "what the deuce can she be? Can you imagine, father?"

"Can't think," replied that gentleman, thunder-struck. "It's perhaps a lie," he added, by way of relieving his astonishment. "I've known many gentlemen to tell lies; why shouldn't Mr. Millard?"

"I'll tell you what, old boy," cried Mr. Augustus, after a minute's deep musing, "I've found it to a certainty; she's Miss Hibbert's own daughter!"

"I hope not," said Mr. Tyem, in great perturbation. "That would ruin us all; but it's impossible. She never would have kept the marriage concealed."

Mr. Augustus put his thumb to his nose, and extended his four somewhat dirty fingers in a most facetious manner. "Perhaps, old boy, there was no marriage to conceal."

"Ha! then, in that case we are safe—the heir to this property must be born in wedlock; but stuff, boy! it's impossible."

"Well, here's the carriage; let us go down, and hear what Dr. Aylward has got to say. I hate parsons, I do, they're always so meddling."

Mr. Tyem and his son were shown into the library on their arrival at the parsonage, and before any one else had time to say a word, Mr. Augustus thought it incumbent on him to demand an explanation—"I think, gents," he said, "you must have very particular business, indeed, to summon a man in the midst of a talk with his governor—in such infernal hot weather as this is too, and so soon after our affliction—dreadful bereavement; is n't it, father?"

"I thought it better, Mr. Tyem," began Dr. Aylward, addressing himself to the senior partner, without taking any notice of Augustus's oration, "to send for you to let you know that we give you formal notice to quit Wilmerdon Hall; of which, I may be allowed to add, you have most improperly and most unwarrantably taken possession."

"You give us notice, do you? Oh! Of course you will follow it up?"

"Of course."

"And prove that my son has no holding under Miss Hibbert's will?"

"Of course."

"Oh! and you've got evidence, of course, to rebut the evidence I can produce, that her sister, Elizabeth Hibbert, died in No. 36 of the High Street of Cuenca, on the 19th of July, eighteen hundred and twenty—? I have two most respectable gentlemen who saw her die, and took a note of the date."

Dr. Aylward and the gentleman in deep mourning exchanged looks at this intelligence.

"And as to your friend, Miss Jones," pursued Mr. Tyem, triumphantly, "of course you must have good evidence to prove that she is any relation at all; though in that we are not at all interested, as her claim, as next of kin, can only extend to the savings."

"What! not if she is a very near relation indeed?" inquired Dr. Aylward.

"Didn't I tell you so, father?" interposed Augustus. "They're going to rip up old sores, and expose the frailties of our deceased friend; but it's of no use, gents, for, even if she were Miss Hibbert's daughter, she needs to be lawful—doesn't she, father?"

"Undoubtedly; but perhaps we mistake the case of the opposite party."

"You do entirely," answered the doctor, "and so far as Miss Jones is concerned—with regard to whom I can't understand your allusions—I have to inform you that we resign all claim on her behalf, as next of kin; and we can have no objection, in case any other friends of hers should advance any claim on that plea, to let you hear the evidence which convinces us that she has no possible right to any part of Miss Hibbert's estate."

"Well—that's handsome, any how," said Augustus; he drew his father aside for a moment—"I see how it is, they want a little hush-money; and rather than be bothered, I don't care if I give them fifty pounds. What do you think?"

"Do you wish to see our evidence?" said Dr. Aylward, with something of a sneer. "It must be gratifying to you to find that one claimant is disposed of."

"Oh, yes! by all means. Let's hear the evidence."

Dr. Aylward made a sign to the gentleman in deep mourning, who left the room, and returned in a short time with a lady leaning on his arm. She wore a veil a little way over her face, so it was possible only to see her mouth and chin; a beautiful mouth and a beautiful chin, and a majestic presence; and when she lifted up her veil, and showed her finely-chiseled features and bright glancing eyes—oh heaven! oh earth!—it was ~~absolutely~~ but Elizabeth Hibbert herself! It could be no mistake; and the miserable heart of Mr. Tyem felt in a moment that his two Old Bailey witnesses could be of no possible use.

"Come, my dear madam," said Dr. Aylward, "you have just arrived in time to satisfy this person that you did not die in the High Street of Cuenca some eighteen years ago. Did you die at the time and place specified by two respectable gentlemen?"

Elizabeth gave one of the sweet laughs that used to enchant all listeners—except her father and sister—long ago.

"How do we know, sir, that this lady is the person she assumes to be?" said Mr. Tyem, in the agonies of despair. "Who knew her in her youth, and can swear to her identity? I knew Miss Elizabeth Hibbert intimately, and this lady, I declare on my honor, is not in the least degree like her."

"I am the brother of her husband," said the gentleman in deep mourning, "and I bear witness she is the same."

"Here! let me look on her once more, and I shall die content," exclaimed a very jolly-looking little man, very red-faced, very loud-voiced, and dressed in pepper-and-salt shorts and continuations, "I saw her as I stopped at the Aylward Arms. Says I to Pug, Pug, says I, if that aint Elizabeth Hibbert, I'm a Dutchman. I followed here; if I'm wrong, Lord forgive me."

"But you're not wrong, dear, kind Mr. Forman," said Elizabeth, holding down her cheek for the old man to kiss, "and darling Pug; is she with you?—Oh! let me see her again!"

"All in good time; Pug is with me, and Dolly, and Mrs. Smillom, and my old woman, and five of the Smilloms. We were all travelling from town together in two coaches, and luckily caught sight of you at the inn."

"You're satisfied now, I hope," said Dr. Aylward to Mr. Tyem, leaving Elizabeth and her ancient friend to their raptures undisturbed.

"This may be a conspiracy, for any thing I know," said Mr. Tyem; "but to settle the matter, are you inclined to come to any liberal compromise. It will be the best way, and avoid disputes."

"I know a way, I think," said Mr. Augustus—"This lady, whoever she is, is perhaps a widow; now I'm a bachelor, you see; and so we might, perhaps, make it mutually agreeable."

"But she is not a widow. Her husband, Sir Frederick Selby, has only gone to town for a day or two."

"But there's that Miss Jones," pursued Mr. Augustus, who was resolved on patching up conflicting interests with a marriage. "If this lady settles the savings on her—and she's justly entitled to them—I haven't any objection to take her, for better for worse. It's a sacrifice; but I don't mind it."

"I believe she is pre-engaged to a very different person," said Mrs. Selby, with a laugh. "My friend and quondam pupil, Harry Millard, has obtained the consent of her mother and Sir Frederick."

"Her mother?—Miss Jones?"—said Augustus, in the extremity of bewilderment.

"Yes; and though you certainly are not entitled to any explanation, I may tell you, that Sir Frederick, after resigning his consulship, got engaged in a variety of incidents in South America, which kept him from communicating with his friends. At last, when he saw a prospect, about three years ago, of being able to return home, he sent his daughter to my care, under the name of Miss Jones, with an injunction on the part of his wife, to get her, if possible, introduced to her aunt, Miss Hibbert, to soothe her, to humor her, and, if she could perceive any opening, to inform her that her sister still lived, and was anxious, on her return to England, to be on good terms with the only relation she possessed. That opportunity never occurred; and now, having related to you as much as is necessary for you to know, you will have the kindness to leave this house instantly, and on no account to return to Willerdon Hall, which has already been taken possession of in the name of the rightful owner."

What a pleasant night that was at the parsonage! Old Mr. Forman had the greatest possible difficulty in avoiding slapping the back of Elizabeth, as in days of old. Mr. Smillom was enchanted to find that he was the intimate friend of a real baronet—for Frederick's uncle had died ten years before—handsome enough to be his companion, even without the title. But the happiest of the whole party were two people who sat on a sofa by themselves, a long way from every body else; and did not seem to say much to each other either; unless, indeed, their happiness yielded to Pug's—the same happy, dumpy, warm-hearted creature as ever—who sat the whole night long with a firm hold of Elizabeth's hand, and looked up into her still beautiful face, as she used to do in Paradise Row.

## THE LADY'S CHOICE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes." *Merchant of Venice.*

"I WANT to ask you a question, Mildred, but I am afraid you will deem it an impertinent one."

"Ask me what you please, dear Emily, and be assured that you shall receive a frank reply; we have known and loved each other too long to doubt that affection and not mere idle curiosity prompts our mutual inquiries respecting each other's welfare during our separation."

"When I bade farewell to my native land, Mildred, I left you surrounded by a wide circle of admirers; you were beautiful and rich,—these gifts alone would have won you many a suitor,—but you were also possessed of the noblest qualities of heart and mind, and were as worthy to be loved as to be admired. How has it happened then that from among the many who sought your hand, you selected one so — so —"

"I understand you, Emily,—so misshapen and ugly, you would say; it is precisely because I possessed a little more heart and soul than usually belongs to a fashionable belle."

"What do you mean, Mildred? when I parted from you I thought you were more than half in love with the handsome Frank Harcourt."

"And you return to find me married to his crooked cousin."

"I did not know Mr. Heyward was related to your quondam admirer."

"Ah, I see I must tell the whole story; 'wooded an' married an' a' is not enough for you; I must relate all the particulars which led to such an apparently whimsical choice."

"You remember me doubtless as the *enfant gâtée* of society; the spoiled child of doating parents, and the flattered votary of fashion. My web of life, unbroken by a single sombre thread, seemed woven only of rose-color and gold. My mirror taught me that the world spoke truth, when it assigned to me the brightest of all womanly gifts: experience showed me my superiority in mind over the well dressed dolls of society: and the earnestness of my affection for the friends of my youth, convinced me that many stronger and deeper emotions still lay latent within my heart. Yet with all these gifts, Emily, I narrowly escaped the fate of a fashionable flirt. I could not complain, like Voltaire, that 'the world was stifling me with roses,' but I might have truly said, that the

incense offered at the shrine of my vanity was fast defacing, with its fragrant smoke, the fine gold that adorned the idol. Selfishness is a weed which flourishes far more luxuriantly beneath the sunshine of prosperity than under the weeping skies of adversity; for, while sorrow imparts a fellow-feeling with all who suffer, happiness too often engenders habits of indulgence, utterly incompatible with sympathy and disinterestedness. Wherever I turned I was met by pleasant looks and honied words, everybody seemed to consider me with favor, and I was in great danger of believing that the world was all sincerity and Miss Mildred all perfection. The idea that I shone in the reflected glitter of my father's gold never occurred to me. Too much accustomed to the appliances of wealth to bestow a thought upon them; entirely ignorant of the want and consequently of the value of money, I could not suppose that other people prized what to me was a matter of such perfect indifference, or that the weight of my purse gave me any undue preponderance in the scale of society. Proud, haughty and self-willed as I have been, yet my conscience acquits me of ever having valued myself upon the adventitious advantages of wealth. Had I been born in a hovel I still should have been proud:—proud of the capabilities of my own character,—proud because I understood and appreciated the dignity of human nature,—but I should have despised myself if, from the slippery eminence of fortune, I could have looked with contempt upon my fellow beings.

"But I was spoiled, Emily, completely spoiled. There was so much temptation around me,—so much opportunity for exaction and despotism that my moral strength was not sufficient to resist the impulses of wrong. With my head full of romantic whims, and my heart thrilling with vague dreams of devoted love and life-long constancy; a brain teeming with images of paladin and troubadour, and a bosom throbbing with vain longings for the untasted joy of reciprocal affection,—I yet condescended to play the part of a consummate coquette. But, no; if by coquetry be meant a deliberate system of machinations to entrap hearts which become worthless as soon as gained, then I never was a coquette, but I certainly must plead guilty to the charge of thoughtless, aimless, mischievous flirtation. If the Court of Love still existed,—that court, which, as you know, was

instituted in the later days of chivalry, and composed of an equal number of knights and dames, whose duty it was to try all criminals accused of offences against the laws of Love; if such a tribunal still existed, I think it might render a verdict of *wilful murder* against a *coquette*, while only *manslaughter* could be laid to the charge of the *flirt*. The result of both cases is equally fatal, but the latter crime is less in degree because it involves no *malice prepense*. Do not misunderstand me, Emily, I do not mean to exculpate the lesser criminal; for if the one deserves capital punishment the other certainly merits imprisonment for life, and, next to the slanderer, I look upon the coquette and habitual flirt as the most dangerous characters in society. Yet I believe that many a woman is imperceptibly led to the very verge of flirtation by a natural and even praiseworthy desire to please. The fear of giving pain when we suspect we possess the power, often gives softness to a woman's voice and sweetness to her manner, which, to the heart of a lover, may bear a gentler interpretation. Among the chief of our minor duties may be ranked that of making ourselves agreeable; and who does not know the difficulty of walking between two lines without crossing either? You think I am saying all this in exculpation of my past folly, and perhaps you are right.

"I was just nineteen, and in the full enjoyment of my triumphs in society, when I officiated as your bridesmaid. I must confess, Emily, that the marriage of such a pretty, delicate creature, as you then were, with a man full twice your age, in whose dark whiskers glistened more than one silver thread, and on whom time had already bestowed a most *visible crown*, seemed to me one of the marvels of affection for which I could not then account."

"Now you are taking your revenge, Mildred, for my saucy question respecting your husband; but if you can give as good a reason for your choice as I found for mine, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"Let me gratify my merry malice, ladye fair; time has shown some little consideration for you in this matter, for, while he has left no deeper impress on your husband's brow, he has expanded the slender girl into the blooming, matronly-looking woman. You are now well matched, Emily, and your husband is one of the handsomest men of—*his age*."

The arch look of the speaker interpreted the equivocally-worded compliment, and, with a joyous laugh, Miss Heyward resumed:

"It was about the time of your marriage, and shortly before your departure for Europe, that I became acquainted with Frank Harcourt. You must remember his exceeding beauty. The first time I beheld him, Byron's exquisite description of the Appollo Belvidere rose to my lips:

"In his delicate form,—a dream of Love  
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose heart  
Longed for a deathless lover from above  
And maddened in that vision, is exrest  
All that ideal beauty ever blessed  
The mind with in its most unearthly mood."

His admirable symmetry of form, and a face of such perfect contour, such exquisite regularity of feature:

that its semblance in marble might have been valued as a relic of Grecian ideal beauty, were alone sufficient to attract the admiration of such a lover of the beautiful as I always have been; but the charm of perfect coloring, the effect of light and shade was not wanting in this finished picture. His full dark eye sparkled beneath a snow-white forehead,—his cheek was bronzed by exposure and yet bright with health,—his lips were crimson and velvet-like as the pomegranate flower,—his teeth white as the ocean pearl,—his raven curls fell in those rich slight tendrils so rarely seen except on the head of infancy,—while the soft and delicate shadowing in his lip and chin resembled rather the silken texture of a lady's eyebrow, than the wiry and matted masses of hair usually cherished under the name of whiskers and moustache."

"You are quite impassioned in your description, Mildred; what would your husband say if he were to hear you?"

"He would agree with me in thinking that Frank Harcourt is the most beautiful specimen of humanity that ever presented itself to my admiring eyes."

"He has less jealousy than in his nature than most of his sex."

"A man has little cause to be jealous of a rival he has so utterly discomfited."

"Harcourt soon professed himself my admirer and need I say that his attentions were by no means displeasing to me. The buzz of admiration which met my ear whenever he appeared,—the delight with which ladies accepted his slightest civilities,—the manoeuvres constantly practised to secure his society, all tended to render me vain of his homage. Had he been merely a beautiful statue,—a rich but empty casket, I should soon have become weary of my conquest. But Harcourt possessed a mind rather above mediocrity, fine taste, elegant manners, and, what was especially useful to him, great skill in decyphering character and consummate tact in adapting himself to its various peculiarities. When those beautiful lips parted only to utter the language of high-toned sentiment, or to breathe the impassioned words of Byron and Moore,—when those bright eyes glistened with suppressed tears at the voice of melancholy music, or sparkled with merry delight at the tones of gayety; when that fine person swayed itself with inimitable grace to the movements of the mazy dance, or bent its towering altitude with gentle dignity over the slight form of some delicate girl, it is not strange, that, even to my eyes, he should seem all that was noble and majestic in mind as well as person. Flattered by his courtly attentions, congratulated by my fashionable friends, and captivated by his brilliant qualities, my imagination soon became excited to a degree which bore a strong semblance to affection. He offered me his hand and was accepted. You look surprised, Emily; I thought you knew that I was actually engaged to him."

"Indeed I did not, Mildred, and I regret now to learn that such was the case. There is something to me very wrong,—I might almost say *disgraceful* in the disruption of such bonds; and the levity with

which young ladies now *make* and *break* engagements, argues as ill for the morality of society, as does the frequency of bankruptcies and suspensions."

"I agree with you, Emily, and since it has become the fashion to consider the most solemn obligations only as a strait-laced garment which may be thrown off as soon as we can shut out society from our solitude,—since women pledge their hands without even knowing whether they have such an article as a *heart* to accompany it,—since men with equal ease *repudiate* their debts and their wives, I am afraid the next generation has little chance of learning morality from their parents. But sometimes, Emily, the sin is in *making* not in *breaking* the engagement. However, hear my story, and then judge.

"All the world knew that I was affianced to the handsome Frank Harcourt, and I was quite willing to enjoy my triumph as long as possible, before I settled myself down to the dull routine of domestic life. This disposition to defer my marriage might have led me to suspect the nature of my feelings, for no woman will ever shrink from a union with one to whom her soul is knit in the close bonds of affection. My lover was respectably connected, but had been educated for no profession and was not possessed of fortune. He had left his native village to find employment, and, as he hoped, wealth, in the busy mart of the Empire state. How he managed to satisfy my father, who, in the true spirit of an old Dutch burgomaster, looked upon every man as a rogue if he did not possess some visible occupation, I never could discover. He probably flattered his self-love by listening to all his schemes for the reformation of society; and, I am not sure that he did not draw up the constitution and by-laws of a certain association which my father wished to establish,—to be entitled a "Society for the Encouragement of Integrity among men of Business," and of which the old gentleman meant to constitute himself president.

"It was agreed that our marriage should take place at the expiration of a year, and my father (who was as fond of coincidents as a newspaper editor) declared that on the very day of our nuptials, the name of Harcourt should be added to the very respectable firm of Marchmont, Goodfellow & Co. About this part of the arrangement I cared very little. I enjoyed the present moment, and lavished my time, my thoughts and my feelings as foolishly as I did the gold with which my father supplied me. I was a mere child in my knowledge of the duties of life, and perhaps there never was one of my age to whom the word '*responsibility*' was so mystical a sound.

"I soon discovered that I had a serious rival in the affections of my future husband. Frank Harcourt loved himself far better than he did his mistress; and though his tact enabled him to avoid any offensive expression of this Narcissus-like preference, it was still very perceptible to me. Yet how could I blame him when I looked upon his handsome person? Indeed I often found myself quoting Pope's celebrated couplet, but with a difference,

"If to his share a coxcomb's errors fall,  
Look in his face and you forget them all."

The truth was, that my vanity induced me to excuse his weakness. I was proud of exhibiting, as my lover, the man whom all admired; and I felt redoubled satisfaction in hearing him applauded by the very people who had already bestowed on me the meed of praise. I was even so foolish as to be vain of his costume, and although I knew that he wasted hours upon the adornment of his person, I delighted to see him appear attired in that manner, so peculiarly his own, which gave a graceful negligence to a toilet the most *soignée* and made a fanciful poet once style his dress "*an elegant impromptu*." Like some other (so-called) impromptus, many a weary hour had been bestowed upon the task of making it *seem* extemporaneous.

The only one of Frank Harcourt's family with whom I then became acquainted, was his cousin Louis Heyward, and, among the whole circle of my acquaintances, there was no one whom I so cordially disliked. His form was diminutive and slightly misshapen, while his face would have been positively ugly, but for the effect of a pair of large, dark, soft eyes which seemed to speak a more fluent language than his lips. His manners were cold, quiet and indifferent; he mingled but little in society, and I think our well-filled library and my music alone induced him to conquer his reserve sufficiently to become one of my habitual visitors. To me he was always polite and gentlemanly but no more. He never flattered,—never even commended, though he often looked as if he would have censured, had he felt himself privileged to do so. Frank used to take great pains to bring him out into company, (Heaven forgive me if I wrong him in believing *now* that he wanted him as a foil to his own exceeding beauty,) but, excepting at our house, Louis was rarely seen in society. He had devoted himself to the gospel ministry, and, in order to support himself independently during the period of his theological studies, he had engaged to give instructions in some of the higher branches of education, at one of our principal schools. In fact Louis Heyward was only a poor student, a schoolmaster,—yet he dared to criticise the conduct of the flattered and spoiled Mildred Marchmont; and he alone,—of all the gifted and the graceful who bowed before her power,—he alone—the deformed, the unlovely—seemed to despise her influence."

"Pray how did you discover that he was actuated by such feelings? he surely did not venture to disclose them?"

"No, Emily; he was usually silent and abstracted in my presence. His relationship to Frank, placed him at once on a familiar footing in our family, and, we soon became accustomed to his somewhat eccentric manners. When not listening to my harp or piano, he was often occupied with a book, seeming utterly regardless of every one around him. But, often, when I have been sitting in the midst of an admiring circle of 'danglers' bestowing on one a smile, on another a sweet word, on another a trifling command, and, in short, playing off the thousand petty airs which belles are very apt to practise in order to claim the attentions of all around them,—I



have stolen a glance at that cold, grave countenance, and there has been such severe expression in his speaking eyes,—such a smile of contempt on his pale lip, that I have blushed for my own folly even while I hated the cynic who made me sensible of it. I was constantly disputing with him about trifling matters of opinion, and I delighted in uttering beautiful fallacies, which I knew he would contradict. It was a species of gladiatorial game which I enjoyed because it was new and exciting. I had been so long accustomed to assent and flattery that it was quite refreshing to meet with something like opposition, which could arouse the dormant powers of my mind. The information with which my early reading had stored my memory,—the quickness of repartee which generally belongs to woman,—the readiness to turn the weapon of the assailant with a shield for our own weakness which is so very *feminine* a mode of argument,—all afforded a new gratification to my vanity, and while I heartily disliked the disputant, I yet eagerly sought the dispute. Louis at length discovered my motives for thus seeking to draw him into discussions, and, after that, no provocation could induce him to enter into a war of wit with me. In vain I uttered the most mischievous sophistries,—in vain I goaded him with keen satire; he smiled at my futile attempts, as if I were a petted child, but deigned me no reply. It was not until then that I estimated the treasures of his gifted mind, for when he no longer allowed himself to be drawn from his reserve,—when his fine conversational powers were no longer exerted, I felt I had lost a positive enjoyment which when in my possession I had scarcely thought of valuing.

"I happened one afternoon to be walking on the Battery with the two cousins, when we overtook an acquaintance who was unattended, except by a young brother. We immediately joined her, and, with a feeling of gratified vanity, (knowing that she had once diligently sought to attract Mr. Harcourt,) I stepped back, and taking the arm of Louis, left the lady in uninterrupted possession, *for a short time*, of my handsome lover. There was a mean and petty triumph in my heart at which I now blush, and, as I looked up into the face of my companion, after performing the manœuvre, I was almost startled at the stern contempt which was visible in his countenance."

"Come, Mr. Heyward, do make yourself agreeable for once," I exclaimed, with levity, "do tell me you are flattered by my preference of your society."

"I never utter untruths," was the cold reply.

"My first impulse was to withdraw my arm from his, but I restrained myself, and flippanantly said:

"You are as complimentary as usual, I perceive."

"Would you have me to feel flattered by being made the tool of your vanity, Madam?" said he, while his cheek flushed and his eye sparkled; "do I not know that you only sought to gratify a malicious triumph over your less fortunate rival?"

"A denial rose to my lips, but my conscience forbade me to utter it. I was perfectly silent—yet, perhaps, there was something of penitence in my countenance, for he immediately added:

"Good Heavens! Mildred,—Miss Marchmont, I

mean—what capabilities of mind,—what noble characteristics of feeling you are daily wasting in society! How rapidly are the weeds of evil passion springing up amid the rich plants of virtue which are still rooted in your heart! How awful is the responsibility of one so nobly gifted as yourself!"

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed I, startled at his earnestness.

"Have you never read the parable of the unfaithful steward who hid his talent in the earth?" was his reply: "God has given you beauty and mental power, and wealth and influence; yet what is your beauty but a snare?—What are your talents but instruments to gratify your vanity? Where is your wealth expended if not in ministering to your luxuries? What suffering fellow-being has ever been cheered by your sympathy?—or what weak and erring mortal has ever been strengthened in duty, or awakened to virtue by your influence?"

"I cannot describe how deeply I was shocked and pained at these impressive words. An emotion resembling terror seized me;—I was actually alarmed at the picture they abruptly presented to my view.

"Louis continued: 'forgive me, Miss Marchmont, if I have trespassed beyond the limits of decorum. I speak the language of *truth*,—a language you are but little accustomed to hear; but my conscience and my heart have long reproached my silence.'

"You are a severe judge, Mr. Heyward," said I, with a faint attempt at a smile; and just at that moment we were interrupted by some jesting remarks from the party who preceded us. No opportunity was afforded for renewing our conversation; but as we approached home, Louis lingered so as to secure a moment's time, and said in a low voice:

"I will not ask you to forgive my frankness, Miss Marchmont, for something tells me that the time will come when you will not resent my apparent rudeness. I owe to you some of the happiest, and, it may be, some of the saddest moments of my life. Before we part, I would fain awaken you to a sense of your own true value, for amid all the frivolities which now waste your life, I have discovered that *you were born for better things*.' As he uttered these words, we found ourselves at my father's door, and with a cold bow he turned away.

"That night I was engaged to attend a brilliant ball, but my spirits were depressed, and my brow clouded by unwonted sadness. Whether wheeling in the giddy dance, or gliding with light words and lighter laugh amid the groups of pleasure-seeking guests, still the deep voice of Louis Heyward rung in my ears; and the words '*you were born for better things*,' seemed written upon everything that I beheld.

"You are *triste* to-night, *ma belle*,' said Frank Harcourt, as he placed me in the carriage to return home: 'I shall be quite jealous of my crooked cousin, if a *tête-à-tête* with him has such power to dim your radiance.'

"Many a truth is uttered in the language of mockery. That walk with Louis had become an era in my life. How I longed to weep in solitude! The weariness

and satiety which had long unconsciously possessed me,—the unsatisfied cravings for excitement, which had long been my torment, now seemed to me fully explained. Louis Heyward had unfolded to me the truth,—he had revealed the secret of my hidden discontent, when he told me *I was born for better things*. I had '*placed my happiness lower than myself*,' and therefore did I gather only disappointment and vexation. Why did I not utter these thoughts to my affianced lover? Why did I not weep upon his bosom and seek his tender sympathy? Because I instinctively knew that he would not understand me. The charm which enrobed my idol was already unwinding, and I had learned that there were many subjects on which there could exist no congenial sentiments. For the first time in my life, I began to reflect; and, with reflection, came remorse for wasted time and ill-regulated feelings. Like the peasant girl in the fairy tale, mine eyes had been touched with the ointment of disenchantment, the illusion which had made life seem a scene of perfect beauty and happiness was dispelled forever, and I now only beheld a field where thorns grew beneath every flower, and a path where duties were strewn far more thickly than pleasures.

"A circumstance which soon after occurred confirmed my melancholy impressions. Do you remember little Fanny Rivers whom my mother took while yet a child, with the intention of making her my confidential servant and dressing-maid? She was about my age, and had grown up to be very pretty,—with one of those sweet, innocent, child-like faces, which are always so lovely in woman. Soon after your marriage she abruptly left my service, and much to my regret I was unable to obtain any trace of her. At the time of which I have just spoken, however, I received a note from her. She was sick and in distress, and she requested from me some pecuniary aid. I did not receive the appeal with indifference, and instead of merely sending her assistance I determined to seek her in person. I found her residing with a relative, a poor washerwoman, and as I sat by the sick bed of the young invalid, I for the first time beheld, with my own eyes, the actual life of poverty. Hitherto I had been lavish of money in charity, from a thoughtless and selfish wish to avoid the sight of suffering, but now I learned to sympathise with the poor and unhappy. Poor Fanny was dying with consumption, and daily did I visit her humble apartment, led thither as much by my morbid and excited feelings as by my interest in the failing sufferer. But it was not till she was near her death-hour that she revealed to me her painful story. Never shall I forget her simple words:

"'I used to think ma'm, that nothing was so desirable as fine clothes, and when I saw you dressed in your beautiful silks and satins, I used to cry with envy because I was only a servant. As I grew older this wicked feeling increased, and often when you had gone to a party, I have locked myself in your dressing-room, and put on your laces, and flowers and jewels, just to see how I should look in such fine dress. I felt very proud when the large glass

showed me that I looked just like a lady; but it only made me more envious and unhappy. At last my hour of temptation came. One,—whose name I have sworn never to reveal,—came to me with promises of all that I had so long wanted. He offered me silk dresses, and plenty of money, and said I should have servants to wait on me if I would only love him. He was so handsome, and he brought me such costly presents,—he talked to me so sweetly and pitied me so much for being a servant when I ought to be a lady, that I could not refuse to believe him. He told me I should be his wife in the sight of Heaven, and he ridiculed what he called my old-fashioned notions, until he made me forget the prayers which my poor mother taught me and the Bible which she used to read to me. I was vain and so I became wicked. I sold my happiness on earth and my hopes of Heaven hereafter, for the privilege of wearing fine clothes; for indeed, Miss Mildred, I never was happy after I left your house.'

"I sought to learn no more of poor Fanny's history, Emily; I scarcely heard the tale of her subsequent desertion and destitution. My conscience was awakened, and fearfully did she knell in my ears my own condemnation. 'Who made ye to differ?' asked my heart, as I gazed on this victim to vanity and treachery. Who taught this fallen creature to value the allurements of dress beyond the adornment of innocence? Who sowed in her bosom the seeds of envy and discontent, and nurtured them there until they bore the poisoned fruit of sin? Was I guiltless of my brother's blood? Had not I been the *first* tempter of the guileless child? Here, then, was an evidence of my influence;—how fatally exercised!

"Emily, have repented in tears and agony of spirit:—I have prayed that this weight of blood-guiltiness might be removed from my soul; and I humbly trust my prayer has not been in vain:—but even now my heart sickens at the recollection of the being whom my example first led astray. It was at the bedside of the dying girl,—when my spirit was bowed in humble penitence—that the words of religious truth first impressed themselves upon my adamant heart. I had listened unmoved to the promises and denunciations of the gospel, when uttered from the pulpit; but now, the time, the place, the circumstance gave them tenfold power. I visited Fanny Rivers daily, until death released the penitent from her sufferings, and then, I fell into a deep melancholy from which nothing could arouse me, and for which no one could account.

"Frank Harcourt was annoyed and vexed at this change. He earnestly pressed our immediate marriage, and talked about a trip to Paris as an infallible cure for my '*nervous excitement*.' But in proportion as my better feelings were awakened, my attachment to him decreased, until I actually shrunk from a union with him. He now appeared to me frivolous in his tastes, and the light tone with which he spoke of moral duties, though often listened to as an idle jest, in calmer times, now offended and disgusted me. In vain I tried to recall my past feelings. In vain gazed upon his exquisite face and watched



the movements of his graceful form, in the hope of again experiencing the thrill of pleasure which had once been awakened by his presence. The flame had been kindled at the unholy shrine of vanity, and already the ashes of perished fancies had gathered over it to dim its brightness. I could no longer cheat myself into the belief that I loved Frank Harcourt. He was still as glorious in beauty,—still the idol of society; but the spell was broken, and I looked back with wonder to my past delusion.

"You will ask where, during all these changes, was Louis Heyward. The very day after the conversation which had so awakened my remorse of conscience, he bade me farewell, having been summoned to take charge of a small congregation, and to 'build up a church in the wilderness.' I would have given much for his counsel and his sympathy, but he was far away, absorbed in noble duties, and had probably ceased to remember with interest, the being whom his *one true word* had rescued from destruction. I was exceedingly wretched, and saw no escape from my unhappiness. The approach of the period fixed upon for my marriage only added to the horror of my feelings, and I sometimes fancied I should be driven to madness.

"But the *dénouement*,—a most unexpected one—came at length. \*The aunt of poor Fanny, who was very grateful for my attentions to the unhappy girl, accidentally heard that I was on the point of marriage with Mr. Harcourt, and, instigated no less by revenge than by a sense of gratitude to me, she revealed to me the *name* which Fanny had *sworn*, and she had *promised* to conceal. You can imagine the rest, Emily. With the indignant feeling of insulted virtue and outraged womanhood, I instantly severed the tie that bound me to him. Did I not do right in breaking my engagement?

"More than two years passed away. I had withdrawn from the follies, though not from the rational enjoyments of society; and, having joined myself to the church, I endeavored to live in a manner worthy of my profession. Alas! all my good deeds were insufficient to make amends for my wasted years and baleful example. The world ceased, at last, to wonder and ridicule my sudden reformation, (which they kindly attributed to my lover's fickleness,) and I was beginning to enjoy the peace of mind, always attendant on the exercise of habitual duty, when I was surprised by the intelligence that Louis Heyward had been chosen to succeed the deceased pastor of our church. The day when he preached his first sermon for us will long live in my remembrance. Associated, as he was, with my brightest and my darkest hours, I almost feared to see him, lest the calm of my feelings should be disturbed by painful recollections. But he now appeared before me in a new and holier light. He was a minister of truth unto the people, and as I watched the rich glow of enthusiasm mantling his pale cheek, and the pure light of zeal illumining his dark eyes, I thought there was indeed 'a beauty in holiness.'

"Do not think I was in love with our young pastor. I fancied that my heart was dead to such impressions,

and it was only with quiet friendship that I greeted him when he renewed his acquaintance with her whom he had once known as the glittering belle of a ball-room. I saw him frequently, for I now understood the value of wealth and influence when they could be made subservient to the interests of religion and humanity. My purse as well as my time was readily bestowed for the good of others. Always in extremes, I was in danger of running into the error of fanaticism, and I owe it to Louis that I am now a rational, and I trust, earnest Christian. But a long time elapsed after this renewal of our intercourse before I was permitted to read the volume of his heart. It was not until he was well assured that the change which he beheld was the result, not of temporary disgust with the world, but of a thorough conviction of error, that he ventured to indulge the affections of his nature. He had loved me, Emily, during my days of vanity and folly. His cold, stern manner was a penance imposed upon himself, to expiate his weakness, and while he strove to scorn my levity, he was, in fact, the slave of my caprice. But he crushed the passion even in its bud, and forced himself to regard me only as his cousin's bride. Yet the glimpses of better feelings which sometimes struggled through every frivolity, almost overcame his resolution, and the conversation which first awakened me to reflection, was the result of a sense of duty strangely blended with the impulses of a hopeless passion.

"Perfect confidence now existed between us. My external life had been almost an unbroken calm, but my heart's history was one of change and tumult and darkness. Louis wept,—aye, wept with joy, when he learned that his hand had sown the good seed within my bosom. It is Madame de Stäel who says that 'Truth, no matter by what atmosphere it is surrounded, is never uttered in vain;' and I am a living proof that she is right. I have now been five years a wife; and, though my husband has not a face that limners love to paint and ladies to look upon,—though his form is not moulded to perfect symmetry, and his limbs lack the graceful comeliness of manly strength,—in short,—though he is a *little, ugly, lame man*, yet I look upon him with a love as deep as it is enduring, for the radiant beauty of his character has blinded my feeble eyes to mere personal defects. Frank Harcourt was the sculptured image,—the useless ornament of a boudoir, but Louis,—my own Louis is the unpolished casket,—rude in its exterior, but enclosing a pearl of price,—the treasure of a noble spirit."

"And what has become of your former lover?"

"He is the ornament of Parisian saloons; living no one knows how, but suspected to be one of that class, termed in England, '*flat-catchers*,' lending the aid of his fine person and fascinating manners to attract victims to the gaming-table. He is said to be as handsome as ever,—dresses well, and is the admiration of all the young ladies as well as the dread of all the mammas who are on the watch to avoid '*ineligibles*.' And now that you have heard my story, Emily, are you still surprised at my choice?"